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THE NATION POLICE GAZETTE

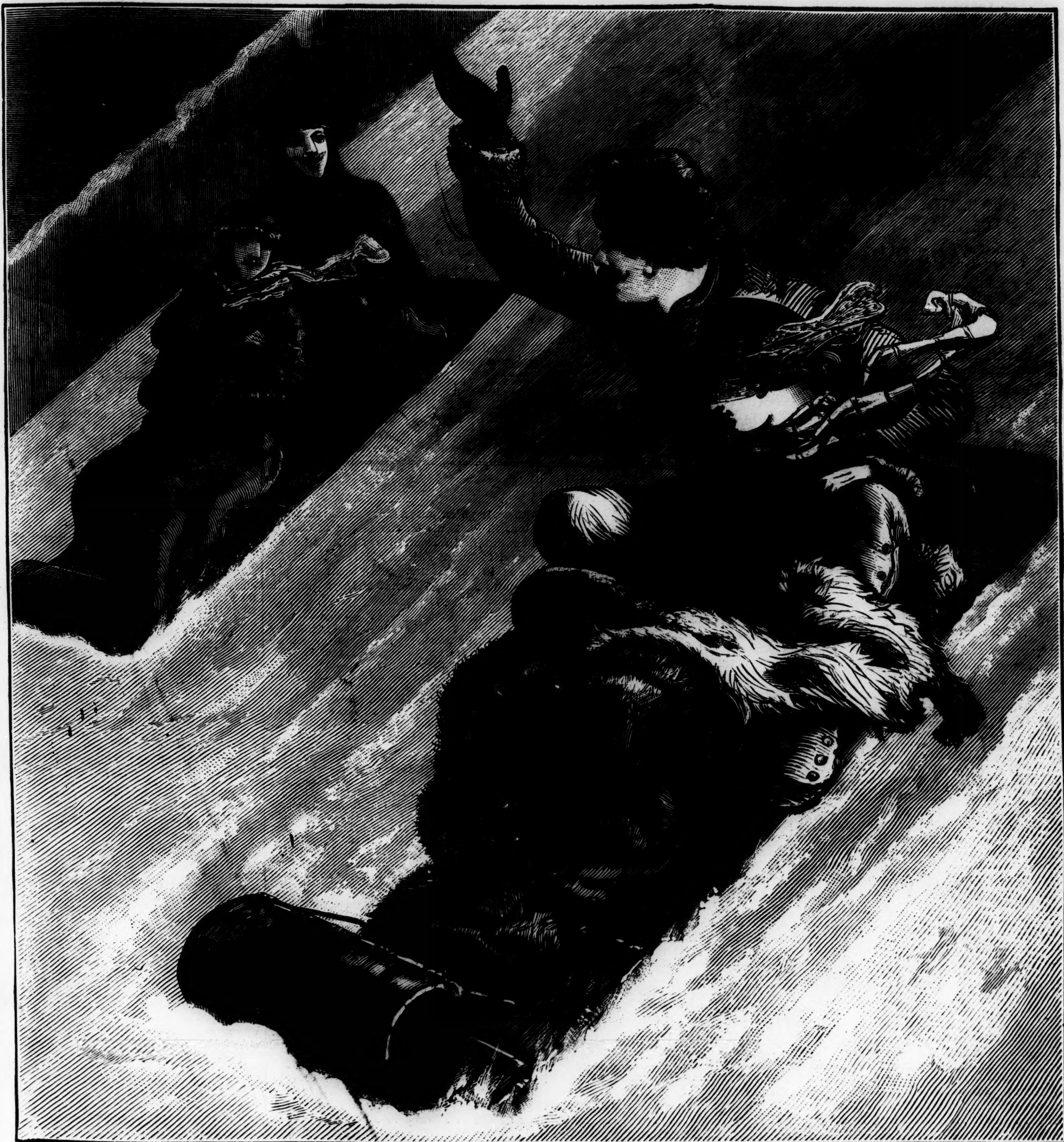
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1884.

VOLUME XLIII.—No. 335.
Price Ten Cents.



DOWN THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

A TOBOGGAN RACE AT THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL TAKING BIG CHANCES FOR THE SUPPERS AND THE WINE.

[From a Sketch by a "Police Gazette" Special Artist.]



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, February 23, 1884.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

THE POLICE GAZETTE
AND
Fox's 'Illustrated Week's Doings'
ARE THE ONLY PAPERS
PUBLISHED BY RICHARD K. FOX.

The public is warned against purchasing poor imitations of these acknowledged greatest sporting and sensational journals of the world. The only papers published by RICHARD K. FOX are the above. Buy them, and you will not be deceived or disappointed.

CONTRABAND NEWS!

The Secrets of the War Department
Unveiled.

SEE PAGE 6.

Grand Army of the Republic men and the public generally will be equally interested.

You are reading "Contraband News," of course.

THE newest amusement in Texas is a lynching bee.

THE revelers at the Montreal carnival all say that they had a n-ice time.

ADMIRERS of John L. Sullivan, get in line for next week's POLICE GAZETTE!

INSTEAD of being called the Queen City, Cincinnati ought to be christened Ducktown.

THE POLICE GAZETTE next week will print the finest sporting pictures ever published in the world.

CIVILIZATION is advancing in the South. The common council of Columbia, S. C., has licensed a cock-pit.

ONCE a year Canada gives a good reason for its existence. It is a good place to run an ice-carnival in.

A PHILADELPHIA soap-maker has become a bankrupt. His books, very naturally, make a clean showing.

RUSSIA is reforming fast. No less than 165,000 human beings have been transported to Siberia during the past ten years.

ACCORDING to the doctors, the most formidable and irresistible military commander known to history is General Parelsis.

ANOTHER tramp has been discovered to be the heir to a fortune. No wonder so many people go into the business. It pays.

THE dreadful rumor that Senator Anthony is a dude is confirmed. His illness is attributed to the excessive use of cigarettes.

THE recent fogs in New York have made the dudes happy. They reminded them of "dear old London, don't-cher-know?"

HARRISON, the revivalist, is the most practical Christian we know of. He makes his religion pay him \$100 a week and expenses.

TOM THUMB'S widow wants to open a museum in the Bowery. She is a little woman, but the tough East side has no terrors for her.

A NEW YORK restaurant furnishes a sandwich and a piece of German poetry for five cents. It is a question which is the more deadly in its effects.

CHINESE civilization has reached the pinnacle of perfection. New York now has a Mongolian tramp, who works the beer-kegs "allee samce Mellean man."

JAMES GORDON BENNETT has been elected Commodore of the Yacht Club for 1884, and we may expect to see some enterprise developed in that organization this year.

THE sports of America will find the next issue of the GAZETTE a perfect hair-curler.

CHICAGO has a city official who boasts that he takes eighty square drinks of whisky every day. There is no excuse for him to go crooked unless he changes his drinks.

WHO says dog won't eat dog, now? There is a club of Dutchmen in Boston who dine off cooked canine once a week. Is there no law in America against cannibalism?

AFTER Irving, Patti and Nilsson leave us, Bernhardt promises to come over and take what is left. America is a great country in European eyes as long as its money holds out.

MRS. LANGTRY had a great-great-great-grandfather, but this does not make her any greater as an actress than many a utility woman who is glad to earn her \$25 a week.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S new book will be illustrated by herself. If Her Majesty is as good an artist as she is a writer the lunatic asylums of Great Britain will have to be enlarged.

CINCINNATI is the first city in America where Henry Irving has not had crowded houses. Cincinnati is the first sensible city we have heard of on the Irving question as well.

A SCRANTON woman undertook to cure her toothache by having all her teeth pulled at a sitting. She is radically cured now—unless toothache is a malady among the angels.

MARY ANDERSON says there is not a word of truth in the stories that associate her name with that of the Prince of Wales. The denial is not necessary, Mary. No one believes them, anyhow.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY says the South is the place for a young man with \$1,000. Give the average young man a thousand dollars, and New York is good enough for him while the pile lasts.

A NEWSPAPER prints an article under the head "Another Outrage; a Negro Hanged to a Tree." Probably if he had been hanged to a lamp-post or a nail on the wall his demise would have been quite proper.

TEMPERANCE ought to be at a discount in the valley of the Ohio. Rum may be the author of a vast amount of ruin, but water can do a great deal worse, and do it on a larger scale when it commences to get its work in.

COL. JOHN HAY, the author of "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso," has tallied heir to over a million dollars from the estate of his wife's father. It pays better to be a son-in-law of a rich man than a child of genius.

IF the English capitalists continue to buy American land for a few years more, at the rate they have lately been acquiring it at, England will eventually own the United States as completely as she did before the revolution.

THE Egyptian rebels have made another clean sweep of it in spite of the promises on paper of what Tewfik Bey and Baker Pascha were going to do. Boasting does not win battles any better now than it did in Falstaff's time.

SOME biographer has discovered that John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," was neither a Bohemian nor a beggar when he wrote that famous song, and popular interest in him is already dying out in consequence.

IT takes a newspaper to find out queer things. One of our contemporaries discovered the other day that while Henry Ward Beecher was lecturing in Boston, he was attending a performance by Mrs. Langtry, at Niblo's Garden, in this city. Mr. Beecher was, of course, highly astonished, when he discovered that he had been found out, and promptly telegraphed from the Hub to that effect.

THE Religious Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE has ceased to exist, as will be seen in another column. He has ceased to exist for the best of reasons—that he abused his position. The person intrusted with that department, inserted, in No. 323, and during the absence of the proprietor of this paper, a wanton and scandalous article reflecting on Dr. Charles F. Deems, the widely-known literary man and respected pastor of the Church of the Strangers, and on Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the widow of the founder of that famous house. Upon the return of the proprietor of the GAZETTE the person in question was promptly removed from the power to further take advantage of his place and the confidence reposed in him. While his act can only provoke contempt for its author on the part of those involved, we naturally deplore the occurrence, which was the result of a breach of trust on the part of an employee, on whose discretion and honesty we were in a measure forced to rely.

IN Madagascar, on the death of the late Queen, the people were forbidden for two months to wear hats or carry umbrellas. As the sun was also forbidden to shine and the rain to rain, however, it was all right, and no kickers were heard from.

THE Standard Oil Company, which owns most of the Jersey shore, is turning New York Bay into a sewer, and the citizens of Staten Island want to know what they are to do about it. Why, move away and let the company have Staten Island, too.

IT is asserted that the captain of a steamer which passed the wreck of the City of Columbus at Gay Head did not stop to assist the survivors because he did not want to delay his trip. If this is true, the captain in question ought to be delayed from any further trips with a rope.

THE St. Louis Spectator is one of the papers which consider that the POLICE GAZETTE ought to be suppressed. Well, well! we can't help it if we do interfere with the Spectator's circulation, though we are sorry, of course. If it gets up a subscription for its own benefit, we are ready to club in.

THE Wurttemberg Minister of the Interior has issued orders that henceforth young folks of either sex shall not be allowed to dance together in places of public amusement, but marriage parties may, if the originators of the entertainment furnish the police with the "necessary moral guarantees." Wurttemberg ought to be very productive of scandals now that it has become so utterly virtuous.

WHEN a woman believes she owns a diamond mine and \$600,000,000, and wants to provide all the horses she meets with sealskin saques, it is high time to question her sanity. Yet, singularly enough, a lady who is cherishing these delusions in New York still has friends who consider the attempts to put her out of the way of harming herself or anybody else an outrage.

THEY don't seem to know the difference between confederate notes and greenbacks over in Patterson. At least an ingenious crook worked one of the former works of art off on a saloon-keeper there last week, and it took the latter a week to find out that he had been skinned. It has been dangerous for any one to offer that saloon-keeper any kind of a bank-note since.

COLD SENSE.

There has been quite a flurry among the ultra-pious in St. Louis on the subject of obscene literature, and a committee of citizens has appealed to Circuit Attorney Harvey for his decision in the matter. The Circuit Attorney wrote to Attorney-General McIntyre, and, in his letter of reply, he says:

"I will treat the question under the first section of the act of 1881. The terms 'obscene,' 'lewd,' 'indecent' and 'lascivious' used in the act, though not entirely synonymous, are yet so nearly so as to be interchangeable and mean about the same thing, and are defined, 'unfit for the eyes and ears,' 'shameless,' 'impure,' 'filthy.' These definitions represent these terms as they are generally understood in their plain, ordinary and usual sense, and must be so construed in their use in the act in question. See act of March 15, 1881, pp. 111. Attaching this obviously proper meaning to these words descriptive of an offense, I find nothing in the reading matter proper of the POLICE GAZETTE which would bring it within the meaning of the act of 1881, or section 1542, neither do I find any cuts or pictures which in my opinion would bring it within the statutes. It is true that there are pictures of females attired, as they often are when engaged in athletic performances in the circus and in theatres, but these pictures are not obscene and shameless, as those terms are used in the law. In these respects the Attorney-General is of the opinion that the publisher and circulators of this illustrated paper do not come within the statutes."

This is the cold sense of the case, in a nutshell. THE POLICE GAZETTE is a newspaper. It prints nothing but news in pictures and letter-press. If it is an obscene paper, then every daily newspaper in the country is. But it is not, and whenever the test of law is fairly applied to it, this will be found to be the case.

There is more indecency in half the theatrical posters plastered on the billboards of the United States than in a paper like the POLICE GAZETTE. Posters advertising variety shows of a certain class, and representing objectionable scenes, are stuck on the billboards all over the country. In gaudy, glaring and attractive colors, they represent scenes which certainly no young girl or boy should be allowed to contemplate. Yet these advertising bills cover the dead-walls and the boards on the routes to and from nearly every public and private school in the land. They are flaunted along all the street-car lines, and meet the eye of the passenger, no matter in what direction he is traveling. Around the church neighborhoods they are displayed plentifully. Yet, so far, we have heard of no crusade against them. Isn't it about time for one to begin?

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit
Culled from Many Sources.

A PLUMBER is a bird of prey with a great gall and a large bill.

A DIVORCE lawyer advertises "Misfit marriages a specialty."

THE man who is charged with rheumatism desires to be ache quitted.

WHO says it is unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken and see how tough he is.

SOME men are so lucky that they couldn't fall overboard without being pulled up with their pockets full of fish.

A FRENCHMAN is teaching a donkey to talk. What we want in this country is a man who will teach donkeys not to talk.

FIRST DEAR GIRL—"So you are engaged?" Second dear girl—"Yes." First dear girl—"How did you ever muster up courage to ask him?"

TWO farmers had a dispute about the boundary lines of their farms. Their dispute is now settled, and so are the lawyers—on the farms.

THE difference between a long and short yarn is very well illustrated by the difference of one's feelings in holding a skein for one's grandmother or one's sweetheart.

"Do you believe in laying on hands?" asked a parishioner of the clergyman. "Certainly, I do," he replied. "But if your child is very bad I would advise you to try a shingle."

"WHY don't you get up as early as you used to a few weeks ago?" angrily asked a wife of her lazy husband. "Because, my dear, it's sleep year," he grinned, as he turned over for another snooze.

"WHAT is that—is it a circus acrobat?" "Oh, no, my son, that is a man who is kicking himself." "What makes the man kick himself?" "He has been to a masquerade party and flirted with his wife all the evening."

AN agricultural paper says: "To keep flies from horses brush them lightly with a brush that has been lately used in petroleum." Bosh! You brush a fly with a shingle, or anything that comes handy, he'll go away.

"WHAT makes you drink as you do?" exclaimed Mrs. Higgleton, turning to her husband, who steadied himself against the door. "What makes me drink as I do?" he repeated with a chuckle, "cause there ain't no other way to drink."

THE father gazed at the triplets, his first borns, snugly reposing in the cradle, and remarked to the nurse: "Are they boys or girls?" "All girls, the little dears. What treasures they are!" "Yes, little fortunes, as it were, little Misfortunates."

A WRITER says that a Burmese girl who wishes to kiss, "presses her nose up against a face and sniffs." Now, when you go to Burmah, and a girl rushes up in the street and presses her nose up against your face and sniffs, you will know how to act. But for this timely information you would, no doubt, have shouted "Police!" "Murder!" etc.

"YES," said Mrs. Blank, in her sopranoest accents, "when you used to call me 'your love' fore we were married, I little knew what you meant when you said that your 'love' should always be 'changeless.' But I have been changeless, sure enough." It is suspected that Blank is not over-liberal in money matters.

A GENTLEMAN who possesses a splendid growth of beard, and long drooping mustache, recently dined with a friend's family. At the table sat one of those infants who have all read about. After staring for some time in open astonishment at the guest, the interesting youth roared out at the top of his voice: "Ma! ma! he has got a mouth; I saw him put a cracker in!"

MRS. JUNEBUG invited several of her friends to come to her house on a certain day, as she was going to celebrate her twenty-fifth birthday. At the dinner-table Mrs. J— said: "This day is also the anniversary of sorrow to me—my father's death." "Indeed! And how long has your father been dead?" asked one of the guests. "Twenty-eight years," replied Mrs. Junebug.

SHE kissed her finger-tips

To me upon the lawn;
Would it had been my lips.
She kissed her finger-tips
Lightly as bee e'er sips
Sweet nectar at the dawn.
She kissed her finger-tips
To me upon the lawn.

"YOUNG man," advises an exchange, "if you must marry, marry the hired girl; you have not got to have her, anyhow." Young man, don't do anything so foolish. A hired girl wants six nights out a week and half a day on Sunday, besides insisting upon entertaining her sisters and her cousins by the dozen in the kitchen. A man wants his wife in the house once in awhile, if not oftener.

VISITOR (who has taken small girl on his lap) — "Now, my little pet, what do you think I've taken you on my lap for?" Small girl—"To give me candy." V.—"No, but to give you something almost as good as candy—a real sweet kiss." S. G.—"I'd rather have candy. You can go and kiss my governess. That's what papa does, and he gives me candy every time I see him do it."

CANADA has a carnival

Composed of ice and snow,
And marching up to Montreal
The bunco steers go.
They'll fleece the blarsted Brits, and
They'll skin the cute Canuck,
And pull a pile of pocket-books
If they've any kind of luck.

TWO "commercial tourists" met in the depot. "Hello, Charley!" says No. 1; "haven't seen you in an age. What are you doing now?" "O, I'm in the same old line," responds No. 2. "With the same old house?" "Yes, the same old concern; but situated a little differently." "How is that?" "Well, I've got an interest." "Is that so? How long since?" "Since the first of the month." "Let me congratulate you." "Yes, the old man told me I'd got to take an interest in the business or quit. So I took the interest."

STAGE WHISPERS.

Rich Rumbings From the Bowels of the Dramatic Volcano.

Henry Irving as a Curiosity, Tom Keene as an Actor, and Emma Latham as a Failure.

WARNER.—John Warner, it is said, is going to marry Daisy Ramsden. Doubtful.

HARRISON.—There is a rumor that Maude Harrison has accepted an offer of marriage. Who is the lucky man?

GERSTER.—Gerster seems to be in great demand in Baltimore—even if the rest of the world doesn't hanker after her.

MESTAYER.—Bill Mestayer wants somebody to bet him \$500 that "Wanted a Partner" is not the greatest hit of the season. No takers.

ZIMMERMAN-LACY.—Ed. Zimmerman's opinion of Harry Lacy is the reverse of flattering. Lacy has yet to be heard from in re Zimmerman.

SOTHERN.—Lyttton Sothern is doing an immense business in the South, where there seems to be a general impression that it is the original party of that surname.

PALMER.—Minnie Palmer is now playing in farces at her matinees, and John Rogers has telegraphed Roland E. Graham to come and join her. Roland says he'll be blown first.

EMMETT.—Joe Emmett has bought a new dog, and has paid \$4,000 for it. This is more than Emmett is willing to give for a new play, and considerably less than he spends in a year on old rye.

BOOTH.—Edwin Booth so far forgot himself, in Philadelphia, as to send his check for \$100 to the Elks' Fund. Barrett had more presence of mind, and only contributed half that amount.

SMITH.—John Penurious Smith is said to have lost \$10,000 in trying to shove the fair Prescott into fame and popularity. It is astonishing that poor, dear John has kept his reason under the circumstances.

PALMER.—A would-be variety actress has been snatched from the stage under the name of Nellie Palmer, in Nashville, Tennessee, who turns out to be a nun escaped from an Ontario, (Canada), convent.

PALMER.—"Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Palmer and family" have just sailed for Europe. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Palmer were only married last week. They are evidently what Col. Bob Filkins would call "bustlers."

LOGAN.—Celia Logan's new comedy, "That Man," made an emphatic hit at the New Park theatre. Miss Logan is the brightest member of a very bright family, so there's little to wonder at in her success.

BOSTON.—Henry Irving's new London, which he is going to erect in place of the Lyceum, will be built entirely on the lines of the Boston. He will find it hard, however, to find a duplicate for old man Sody Tompkins.

BOYES.—The new play at the Madison Square theatre is a dramatization of a novel by Boyesen, entitled "Iika on the Hill-top." The play is not related to the Scotch song, "Iika Lassie has her Laddie," however.

SOCIETY.—The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children seems to be unaware of the fact or, at least, indifferent to it, that no less than three babies are being employed in comedies at present played in New York.

TERRY.—Ellen Terry drinks tea heavily, and declares that it is her only dissipation. This will set all the young actresses drinking English breakfast, like Ellen Terry, instead of taking morphine hypodermics, a la Clara Morris.

RICE.—Mark Tapley Rice has been jollier than ever during the week. Godchaux has been duoning him for his bill, and Father-in-law Rich has recovered from his pneumonia. It only takes the least thing in the world to make Rice happy.

LOTTA.—It is again announced that Lotta is going to marry Cecil Rayne, the big splay-footed English swell, with whom she was in love when he was over here playing in her company. This Rayne, artistically considered, was the least bit of a shower.

TEMPLETON.—What has become of the Fay Templeton Opera Company? There seems to be a vague idea that the vivacious Fay has "skipped" and once more left her father, the patient and philosophic John, to do the best he can without her.

BRYTON.—Frederick Bryton continues to get all the applause as Jack Hamlin in "Gabriel Conroy." McKee Rankin's new play. Rankin is mad enough to club himself, and the chances are that the part will be cut out of the play and Bryton discharged.

STARR.—George Starr is writing a book on museum curiosities. When it is finished and he has gathered in the consequent shekels, he is going to London to establish a mammoth dime museum for the information and delight of the benighted Brits.

RHEA.—Mme. Rhea's latest dodge is to advertise a performance for the benefit of the Bartholdi Statue Pedestal fund. What a glorious thing if Janauschek could be persuaded to take the place of the statue and Rhea actually become the pedestal, eh?

KEENE.—Tom Keene, who has been steadily and carefully ridiculed by the man-milliners of the New York press, caught on heavily on his first appearance as a star at Niblo's Garden. Even Barrett insists, in consequence, on being "circused" as a star.

DAVENPORT.—Poor George Davenport is dead. There was a time when the announcement of this fact would have evoked an expression from thousands of people. Now everybody who reads it says: "Who the deuce was George Davenport, anyhow?"

RIGNOLD.—Fat, puffy and conceited George Rignold is coming out here next season to take a farewell of the American stage. George will find himself the most thoroughly forgotten ex-favorite that ever

slipped out of the memory of our fickle American public.

EXCHANGE.—A hare-brained enthusiast is going to start an Actors' Literary and Social Exchange. What the profession needs is quite another thing—to wit, an Exchange where managers' due bills can be converted, at a seventy five per cent. discount, into spot cash.

NIXAU.—Mlle. Nixau, failing to find fresh lovers of the Durand variety, has at last sailed for La Belle France. Nixau, it will be remembered, is the gifted French woman whose admirer bought her release of Maurice Grau for \$8,000 cash, and then went off to Mexico.

THOMPSON.—John W. Thompson has gone to join Ada Gray, as leading man. His entire wardrobe was sent on to him by mail the other day, at an expense of eight cents. He was passed on the freight-cars by the sympathizing brakeman, as a brother "professional."

NEXT.—Another of Gunter's "plays" has proved fatal to a robust combination. Bishop, who has been cavorting round the country on "Strictly Business," has had to disband his company. And yet Gunter talks largely of organizing a party to produce his "comedies" exclusively.

SHERIDAN.—Poor Bill Sheridan is in fresh trouble. A Philadelphia costumer found out that he had a draft in a bank, representing his Australian profits, and immediately attached it on account of his little bill of \$510. Bill swears every day at his folly in ever coming back to his native country.

HAVERLY.—The latest report about Jack Haverly is that he has given up his latest theatrical enterprises in order to go and look after his mines. It has been pretty generally believed that this "mine gag" was played out, but the versatile "Napoleon of managers" seems to have a hanker after it even yet.

MESTAYER.—Bill Mestayer, having sold out the "Tourists" when it was entirely played out, is running down the unfortunate so-called "capitalists" who bought that farrago of swash, and suing them for royalties. Mestayer is one of the big men whose stomachs are too enormous to allow room for an average-sized heart.

SMITH.—Young Mark Smith, a very clever young barytone, has left the company of C. D. Hess, who contemplates an early invasion of Mexico. The average greaser, when he criticises an operatic performance, does so with a double-edged knife, and young Smith knows too much about Hess' troupe to run the risk.

MOSS.—Theodore Moss indignantly denies that he ever talked about disbanding the stock company at Wallack's and turning that establishment into a combination house. Theodore evidently didn't feel like throwing Agnes Elliott and Rose Coghlan and the rest of them on the charity of a cold and censorious world.

SPENCER.—That much-advertised young woman, Lillian Spencer, has entirely recovered—thanks, she says, to the fact that she and her husband, the "fresh" and loquacious Clayburgh, have separated for keeps. Clayburgh, in his pleasantest moments, was enough to reduce the stoutest intellect to a state of gibbering insanity.

COGHLAN.—Charlie Coghlan, who seems to be regaining his senses and his grip, has made a hit in "Separation." To see such a clever actor throwing himself away was a pitiful spectacle, and we are delighted to see that he has pulled himself together. The chances are that John Stetson will offer him \$1,500 a week next season.

GOODWIN.—Frankie Goodwin, the boy manager with the gray hair, says that Freddie Harnott does not improve on acquaintance. He declares that the more you know of the gentleman who is lucky enough to own Clara Morris the more you regret it. Little Frankie seems to be catching on to a little common sense these late days.

SOLOMON-RUSSELL.—In spite of the fact that Lillian Russell's English experiment has been an utter failure, and that little Teddy Solomon can't get a job at conducting even a "tram car," the two are going to be married—as soon as the wife of one and the husband of the other have paid the expenses of the two necessary divorce suits in the case.

COLLIER.—Ed. Collier has succeeded McKee Rankin as *Christian Christanson*, in "Storm Beaten," and made an instantaneous hit in the part. Cazanlan's work, by the way, has all been cut out of the piece, and it is played as Buchanan wrote it. Jim Collier is weakening a little, in consequence, in the esteemed "staff dramatist" of Union Square.

ST. MAUR.—Harry St. Maur, having abandoned play-writing and cultivated a reasonable tacturnity, has gained time thereby to act, and is doing extremely well in "Confusion." He doesn't fall far behind Wyndham in certain parts. The great trouble with the gifted St. Maur has been his severe consciousness of his own omnipotence and omniscience.

ROSENFELD-FREEMAN.—These two great men have made up their quarrel, and Freeman admits that there are worse—a few worse—burlesques than Rosenfeld's "Bells," while Rosenfeld consents to the statement that there may be something a trifle stupider than Freeman's "Orpheus." The only difference between them now is that Rosenfeld still calls himself a literary man and Freeman doesn't.

BARRETT-BOKER.—Lawrence Barrett and George H. Boker have had a deuce of a row over the scale of royalties for "Francesca di Rimini." George says that Lawrence is the meanest creature that ever went upon the stage, while Lawrence vows that if it hadn't been for him George would never have been heard of. The gist of the matter is that George wants \$20 a night, instead of the \$10 which Lawrence insists on paying him.

SALVINI.—The thirteenth farewell taken by Salvini of the American public, will be inaugurated next season. Ristori will be farewelling us, also, about the same time. The severity of the present Penal Code has rather discouraged her husband, the noble Marquis of Grillo, whose fancy for playing *Adam* before the fall, in respect to costume at least, gave the New York police quite a good deal of employment during his last visit.

ABBOTT.—This is Wetherill's latest: "Miss Emma Abbott once sang in the choir of the church of which C. P. Huntington, Vice-President of the Central Pacific R. R. Co., is a member. Owing to that fact, and to show his appreciation of her worth as a woman and an artiste, he ordered that there should be no

extra charge on the baggage of the entire troupe to and from San Francisco." Bah!

DOLARO.—Bellina Dolaro is bringing suit for damages against Shook & Collier, who, after buying her play and paying for it, declined to bring it out on the advice of little Mr. Cazanlan, because there wasn't any comedy in it, and she wouldn't allow him to inject into it some of his own "humor." The fair and frisky Dolaro seems, to an unprejudiced observer, to have both law and justice on her side of the dispute.

CIRCISSIAN.—A beautiful Circassian, from that part of the Caucasus which is situated on the Bowery, has been arrested for drunkenness and an attempt to commit suicide. She says, in defense of herself, that Circassian girls of the Bowery tribe have to get their hair into proper condition, by drenching it with beer, and that she tried to see, by experiment, if she could accomplish the same result by internal application as by an outward wash.

KIRALFY.—The brothers Kiralfy have invented a new and most ingenious racket. As soon as they strike a city they give a banquet on the first night to the members of the local press. The members of the local press immediately retire under medical treatment, and a lot of substitutes, who never otherwise see a show, "do" the performance and extol it correspondingly. A Kiralfy "banquet" is more dreaded by provincial newspaper men than an epidemic of Asiatic cholera.

IRVING.—Henry Irving is in great "social" disfavor in the West, because he has tumbled to the fact that he is only asked to private dinners and club suppers to be shown off as a capture. So now he keeps out of the way of the shoddy lion-hunters, and they are correspondingly indignant. What does Irving, the special pet of Albert of Wales and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts-Ashmead-Bartlett want of Chicago grain-brokers and St. Louis distillers, anyhow? They amply deserve the snubbing they get.

CUMMINGS.—Minnie Cummings, who has had more advertising, and paid less for it, than any other mysterious votary of the stage, is at it once more. She has given up the "Commodore-Guardian" racket and breaks out anew with the pretty fiction about her Long Branch property. It is high time for Minnie to get up and do a little acting in a real theatre, instead of in the newspapers, seeing that she has a daughter aged eighteen. The public isn't likely to be enthusiastic over the debut of a grandmother.

LATHAM.—Emma Latham, the unfortunate little California Jewess, who was brought out at the Star theatre under the most melancholy and disastrous circumstances, is said to be the best plucked and most thoroughly skinned and roasted specimen of Western wild-fowl of the theatrical variety that ever fell into the hands of New York trappers. Her story is one more illustration of the enormous folly which impels a young woman with more money than wisdom to try and get on the stage as a ready-made star.

ANDERSON.—According to Ham Griffin in the *Herald*, "Our Mollie" has made the hit of her life in Gilbert's new play "Comedy and Tragedy." It is rather hard to make out from Ham's rather disconnected story what "Our Mollie" plays, but, it appears, she is seen as a miser, a lover, a gallant, and dancing a fandango. As a lightning-change artist, "Our Mollie" will, no doubt, prove quite as great a card as Villium "Orace" Lingard, who, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, is not officiating as the conductor of a Paddington omnibus.

POTTER-BROWN.—Mrs. Potter-Brown, or Brown-Potter, or whatever her name may be, is evidently crazy to go on the stage professionally. She is already almost as well known as Rose Coghlan or Maude Harrison. As soon as she strikes the "mash-letter" phase, her husband, the long-suffering and over-patient Brown-Potter or Potter-Brown, will evidently be heard from. Meantime this "swell" society star, who is an even worse actress than Mrs. Langtry, can be seen by the gaping mob for just one coarse, low, vulgar dollar.

ELEPHANT.—The white elephant which Barnum has bought, and which is now in London, is said not to be a white elephant at all, but, on the contrary, a pink elephant, suffering from a curable skin disease. The Bengal superintendent of government elephants says that there are hundreds belonging to the British Commissariat Department which are just like it, and can be bought for \$1,000 each. Barnum laughs in his sleeve—for the money flows in like water, and he will be able to ascribe the "exposure" by the British newspapers to sheer jealousy because he got Jumbo.

MAPLESON.—Charley Mapleson is advising everybody to abstain from signing with his fond parent for next season. "The gov'nor," says Charley, "is howlly up Queerstreet, and I'm thundering awfald Malvina and I'll have to pay his passage home, don'tcher-know." Too bad. Charley, by the way, is trying to arrange with Grau to become the latter's business manager when he shall have succeeded Abbey as the *impresario* of the Metropolitan Opera House. Abbey shows no feeling over his impending supersession, but seems to be quite glad to get out of his operative venture on any terms.

CHURCH BENEFIT.—At a recent pantomime and variety show—engaged for a church benefit—where the general surroundings were not exactly in the usual shape, the Columbine and variety ladies dressed in the chapel, the clown in a cellar between the coal-bin and the boiler, while a heavy wooden shoe dance was accomplished to the music of a meek organ, which, upon that occasion, was more seen than heard. The "good boys" of the school were the supes, and an audience containing a fair clerical representation, was lost in bewildered ecstasy at the revelations of a burlesque "slugging" match with gloves. "Great audience to play to," said a performer, evidently unused to this style of house. "They paralyze beautiful!"

GEO. W. INGRAM.

[With Portrait.]

Mr. Ingram is a great handler of horses. His local habitation at present is Dixon, Ill. He has had about eight years' experience, and has had great success, especially with nervous horses. He was the driver of the chestnut stallion Robert MacGregor, when he made the record of 2:17½, and will drive him again next season. Mr. Ingram has also handled some other horses with good records, among them Ella Earl, 2:25; Matt Kirkwood, 2:29½; Loafer, 2:26; Sackes Maid, 2:29½; Schola, 2:26; Lone Jack (pacer), 2:22½; Buckskin (pacer), 2:27; Strathlan, 2:29½; West-moat (pacer), 2:21½; Kentucky Girl, 2:23½.

THE SOCIETY REPORTER.

He Details the Progress of the Great Dude Exhibition.

The Loan Exhibition for the Establishment of a Fund for the Relief and Support of Impecunious Swells was started last Tuesday in the magnificent Dime Museum attached to the palatial ginmill over which Mr. Edward S. Stokes so affably presides—by kind permission of Fred. Loud, Esq. Mr. Loud had generously consented to let Mr. Stokes lend the use of the southwestern corner of his museum, and had caused at least \$150 worth of block-tin armor, chromo lithographs, photographs, second-hand musical boxes, cast iron statues, wooden Indians, rag-carpet mats, and other priceless articles of *bric-a-brac* to be moved to make room for the Loan Collection of curiosities. These were carefully arranged by Mr. Wright Sandford, Mr. Bob Cutting and Mr. Len Jerome, who, with the assistance of the colored ex-porter of the late lamented Turf Club, succeeded in making out the following wonderful catalogue:

1—Sixteen receipted bills for floral decorations, etc. (Loaned by H. Bebus, the florist.)

2—A promissory note for \$8 stamped "paid" and signed by a well-known professional dude. (Loaned by the Hotel Brunswick.)

3—Original letter in handwriting of Fred. Gebhard, Esq. (Very rare. Loaned by E. G. Gilmore, Esq.)

4—Col. Delancey Kane's Commission in the Army. (Unauthenticated. Loaned by Col. Delancey Kane, U. S. A.)

5—A genuine dime, paid by Wm. P. Douglas, Esq., to a waiter at Brown's Chop-house as a gratuity. (Loaned by Paul, head waiter at Brown's.)

6—Autograph letter signed by George Gould, Esq. (Loaned by Miss Laura Don.)

7—Fac-simile of the footprint of James Gordon Bennett, Esq. (Loaned by the Royal Geographical Society of Nice.)

8—Original cuspidor with which Barry Wall was crowned on the historic occasion of his coronation as King of the Dudes. (Loaned by Mr. Kintzler.)

9—A pair of Col. Schermerhorn's corsets. (Loaned by Col. Schermerhorn.)

10—Portrait of the professional "heeler" at one time in Mr. Wright Sandford's service. (Loaned by Mr. Wright Sandford.)

11—Portrait of Julian Nathan, Esq., taken just before losing \$25 at draw poker. (Very valuable. Loaned by W. Angell, Esq.)

12—Collection of buttons and badges invented and designed during the last twenty years by Col. Delancey Kane. (Loaned by the Coaching Club.)

13—Koster & Bial's license to sell liquor and give a "concert" on Sundays. (Unauthenticated. Loaned by Billy McGlory, Esq.)

14—A plaster cast of the nose of Mr. Mitchell, Esq. (Loaned, on excellent security, by Julian Nathan, Esq.)

15—Autograph letter written by Imre Kiralfy, Esq., to Lispenard Stewart, Esq., offering him a situation in his *corps de ballet* at a salary of \$10 a week. (Loaned by Lispenard Stewart, Esq.—valued at \$200 by Mr. S.)

16—The original Diamond Ring which made all the trouble in the Stevens family. (Loaned by Mrs. Fred. Stevens.)

17—An authenticated list of all the young men in "Society" who can read and write and have visible means of support. (Only copy extant. Loaned by Mrs. Paron Stevens.)

18—The originals of all the jokes and witticisms of W. P. Talboys, Esq., as deciphered on the Pyramid of Cheops, in hieroglyphic form. (Loaned by the Union Club.)

19—Portrait of a Really Handsome Girl of the Upper Class. (Loaned by Napoleon Sarony, but labeled "Doubtful.")

20—Silver spoon, with the Astor crest on it, found, after Mrs. Astor's ball, in the pocket of a dress coat belonging to a well-known young "aristocrat." (Loaned by Simpson & Son.)

21—Snuff-box, presented by President Madison to Wright Sandford, Esq., on the occasion of his thirty-fourth birthday. (Loaned by Wright Sandford, Esq.)

When the doors were thrown open the rush was something tremendous, but as, in accordance with the usual custom of "sawcety" people, no admission fee was exacted of the "upper classes," and as the lower classes didn't apparently feel an overweening interest in the exhibition, the receipts were not large—in fact, nothing whatever was taken in at the door until about 5 o'clock. At that hour it got whispered abroad that among the curiosities would be found the plum-colored velvet coat, white satin vest, with diamond buttons, pearl-colored pantaloons and scarlet necktie worn by Len Jerome, Esq., when he used to drive a four-in-hand up Fifth avenue in competition with Helmbold, the druggist, in the days when he offered a gold medal for the young man who should be voted the "finest gentleman" by his classmates at Princeton. This rumor drew at least eight paying spectators, who were very disappointed to learn that when Lord Randolph Churchill married Miss Jerome one of the conditions of that august alliance was that Mr. Jerome should destroy what his Ludship called "that beastly loud outfit" before its existence became known to the more cynical members of Lord Randolph's noble order. Mr. Gebhard being present, however, the eight paying spectators declared that they had received the full worth of their money in the interesting spectacle presented by him.

The Exhibition, up to last Friday evening, had turned in the sum of \$25.63—a magnificent nucleus, as everybody will admit, for a rousing old benefit fund. As soon as \$50 shall have been received the show will close, and the profits be judiciously invested.

COOLING HIS ARDOR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

City Hall Park has for some months enjoyed the possession of one of those characters common to the metropolis—the masher. He is an elderly man, is richly dressed, and said to be a lawyer with offices in Nassau street. His pet employment of an afternoon was to promenade the park and ogie the newgirls who swarm there, and he was a familiar figure to all the loungers of the City Hall and Park Row. On the last snow-storm here he turned out as usual, with a fur-lined coat to keep his aged skeleton from the blast. The urchins of the park found the opportunity too good a one to be missed. They fell upon him in a swarm like rats and he barely escaped with his life. He has not been seen on his familiar rounds since.

Enforcing a Fish Diet.

On Friday, Feb. 1, Philip Fox, a fish peddler of Williamsburgh, went his rounds endeavoring to dispose of his stock, which he thought was the only proper thing for all good Christians to eat on Friday. He called at the house of Mrs. Julia A. Keller, in Woodhaven, L. I., and endeavored to make a sale. The lady did not like fish. The peddler insisted that she was not a good Christian if she ate meat on Friday. The man was persistent, but the woman said she had no money.

He then took two fish from his basket and said: "All right, you can have them for nothing," gradually advancing toward her, while she retreated. Suddenly he seized the

company by Mrs. Keller, at once took him to Jamaica, three miles east, where on complaint of his victim, the culprit was locked up by Justice Betts.

Wanted for Bigamy.

We publish in the present issue an excellent likeness of Charles A. Shores, who is badly wanted for bigamy in Atlanta, Ga. The authorities offer \$500 reward for his delivery to Chief of Police Connolly of that place, or \$200 for his incarceration in any jail in the United States, Canada, Cuba or Mexico. The following description is given of the accused man:

"Thirty-six years old; 5 feet 5½ inches high; fair complexion; light-brown hair—mustache



JOSEPHINE BONECKER,

A VICTIM WITH HER HUSBAND OF AN UNKNOWN ASSASSIN.



LOUIS BONECKER,

MURDERED WITH HIS YOUNG WIFE IN THEIR LONESOME LOG CABIN, NEAR FENTON, MO.

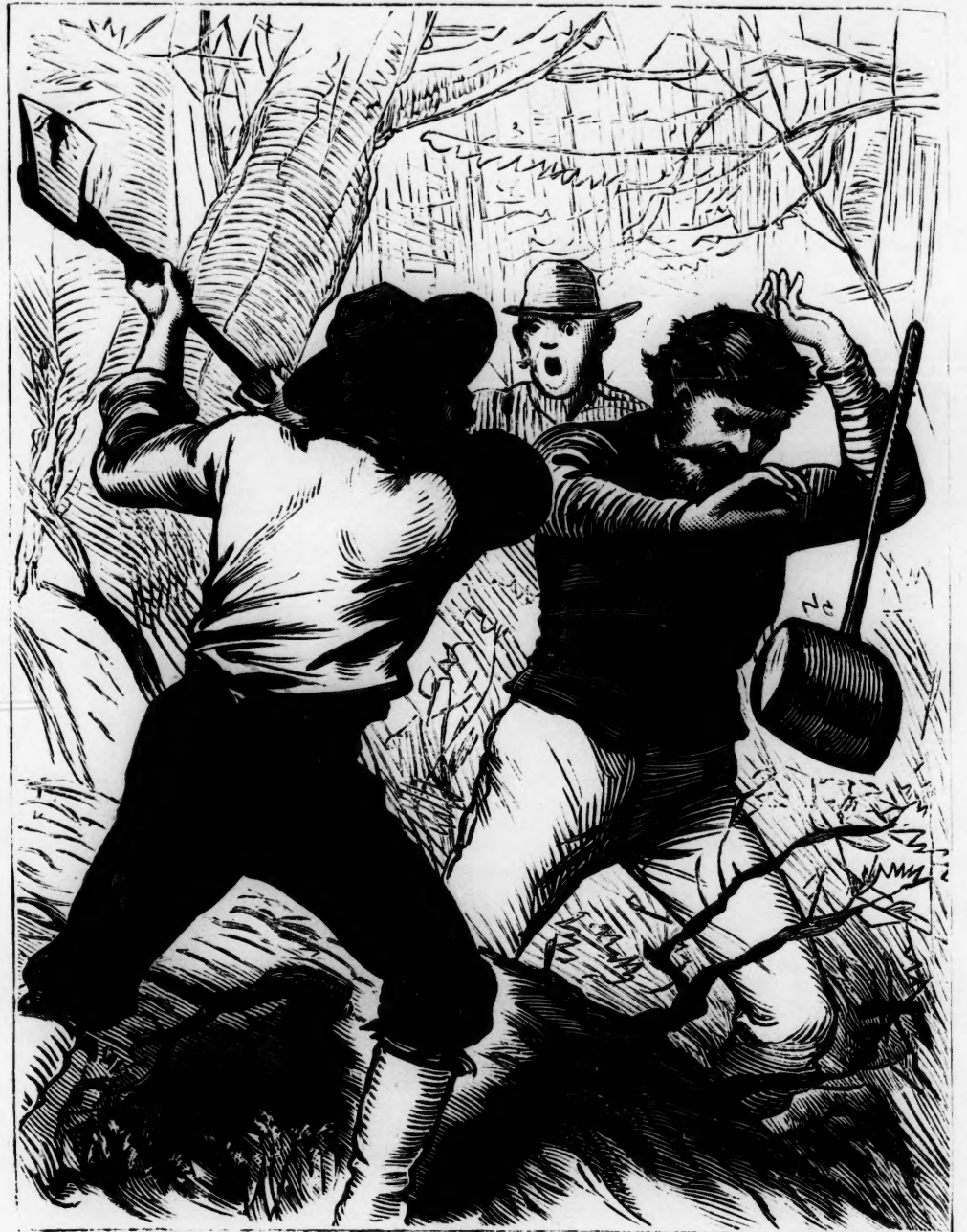
woman by the waist, but she fought desperately and compelled him to release his hold. He then grasped the frightened woman by the throat and forced her to the ground, and attempted to cram one of the fish down her throat. She screamed, but her assailant placed one hand on her mouth, and, while his knee rested on her breast, he used the other hand in brutally assaulting his now helpless victim.

As soon as he had gone Mrs. Keller raised the window and screamed, which soon brought Mrs. Meyer, a neighbor, to whom she related the circumstances. A few minutes later Nicholas Meyer returned home from work, and on learning the facts immediately started in pursuit of the wretch, accompanied by Albert Rapp and Samuel Abrams, the constable. Half an hour later the trio overhauled the man, who was still peddling fish in the village, and ac-

companied by Mrs. Keller, at once took him to Jamaica, three miles east, where on complaint of his victim, the culprit was locked up by Justice Betts.

Murdered in Their Sleep.

A great sensation was created in St. Louis, Mo., toward the end of last month, by the discovery of a bloody murder at Fenton, a small village in Jefferson county. Louis Bonecker and his wife Josephine, a young couple, were the victims. They occupied a small cabin on the Gravois road. An investigation by the authorities has shown that on Monday, Jan. 21, a tramp was seen walking along the road and many circumstances seem to connect him with the tragedy. One is the fact that before reach-



A WOOD-CHOPPER'S DUEL.

THE BLOODY CONFLICT BETWEEN JESSE M'CARTY AND JOHN BRADFORD IN THE WOODS NEAR OMAHA, NEB.

ing the cabin on the pinnacle of High Ridge he applied at several houses for a night's lodging. He is described as a man 5 feet 8 inches high; black clothes; round, full face; mustache slight; high Derby hat; carried a small black satchel. His manners were not those of a common tramp. This was the first impression that the people with whom he conversed received.

At the house of Mrs. Smith, a couple of miles from the Bonecker place, he addressed a farm hand in German inquiring what the prospects were for a night's lodging. He was told that he could not be accommodated. At the house of Caleb Milligan he spoke good English, and worded his application in good language. There was something about him which the country people did not like. He was asked why he did not stay back in Fenton, where lodging could

partition door leading into the kitchen and partly prevented egress into the room. The foot was toward the north, a few steps from the front door. In going into the room from the kitchen the murderer had to walk around the head of the bed, and the nearest person to him was the husband, who slept on the outside. He killed both his victims with some blunt instrument, inflicting his blows on their heads.

A Murderer Acquitted.

The trial of Troisville Sykes for the murder of Kate Townsend, his mistress, came to an end at New Orleans, on Feb. 1, by the jury bringing in a verdict of "Not guilty," and the accused man was turned loose. The policy of the de-



ENFORCING A FISH DIET.

THE BRUTAL CONDUCT OF A HUCKSTER AT WOODHAVEN, L. I., WHO INSISTED ON REGULATING THE FRIDAY MEALS OF THE COMMUNITY.



CHARLES A. SHORES,

ALLEGED BIGAMIST FOR WHOM \$500 REWARD IS OFFERED BY THE ATLANTA POLICE.



ED. KEELER,

A DESPERATE CRIMINAL UNDER ARREST IN BROOKLYN FOR A DARING BURGLARY.

be easily obtained, but his ready tongue found a plausible excuse. He was seen along the road by no less than a dozen persons, and of this number five say they could identify him.

The explanation of the butchery is that the man walked along the road until he arrived at the log-house occupied by Bonecker and his wife. He applied for lodging and was taken in and told that the best that could be done for him was a pallet near the kitchen stove. The pallet was prepared before the stove, and when the usual hour for retiring came the young couple went to their room, which, as before stated, is only divided from the kitchen by a frail partition. The door between the kitchen and bedroom has no lock and was fastened only by a common cast-iron latch. At the time of the murder the head of the bed was toward the

fense was not to dispute the killing, but to show justifiable homicide, and while the prosecution was conducted with remarkable weakness, the defense put on the stand a large number of witnesses, sporting men, politicians, and other associates of the accused man to testify to his quiet disposition, and that the murdered woman, on the other hand, was a fierce and dangerous person. She had been Sykes' mistress for twenty-five years, and her fortune was the result of their joint efforts. He was her individual legatee, and became possessed on her death of all her property. He promptly sold her real estate for \$70,000, which he distributed lavishly among his lawyers and others, paying several of them \$10,000 each, while a distinguished criminal judge resigned his place on the bench to act as counsel in the case.

Leila Roberts' Sad Fate.

The small town of Lewiston, Me., has been in a ferment over the death of Leila Roberts, who killed herself while attempting to produce an abortion. The coroner's inquest following her death was attended by hundreds of people. They looked forward to developments of a spicy nature, but were doomed to disappointment, the coroner failing to inquire into the woman's previous relations. Leila Roberts was the daughter of Benjamin and Nancy Roberts, of Brooks, Me., and was thirty-six years of age. Her father, Benjamin Roberts, was a member of the Fourth Maine Regiment, and died in Libby Prison in 1863. The mother still resides

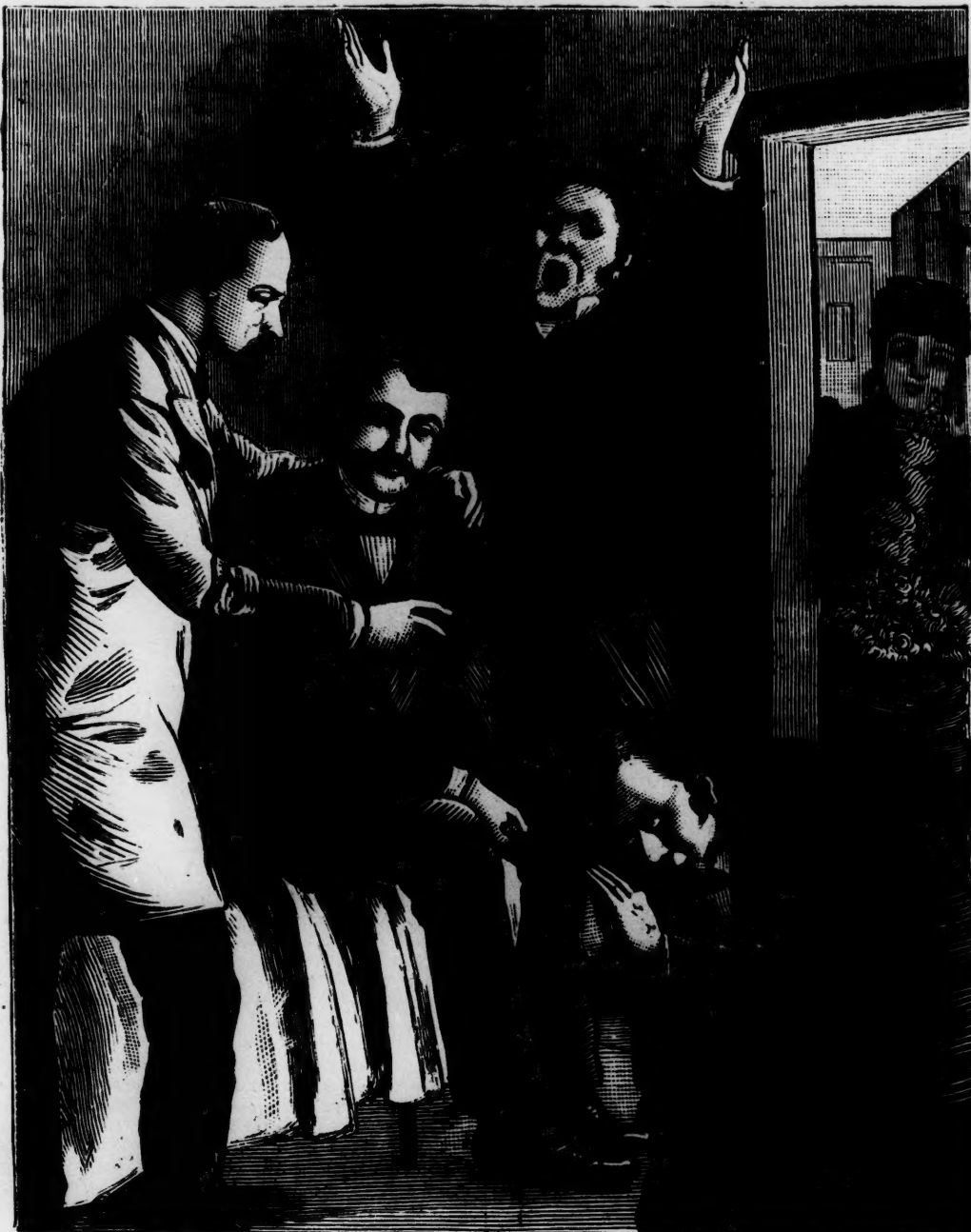


LEILA ROBERTS,

THE LEWISTON, ME., GIRL WHO KILLED HERSELF WHILE ATTEMPTING ABORTION.

in Brooks. Leila Roberts had worked in Lewiston for the last sixteen years, but had always spent a month or so of each year at home with her mother, a very estimable lady.

M. OVERACRE, the Principal of the Mason Public School, at Decatur, Ill., was discharged by the Directors on Feb. 4. Overacre was exposed by pupils for writing love-letters to ten or more of the young girl students daughters of some of the best people of that section. He pleaded that he meant no harm, but the letters showed that he addressed the girls in extravagantly affectionate terms, and that he wrote to some asking them to keep secret the fact that he had written them.



THE SHORN LAMB.

BILLY M'GLORY, THE CELEBRATED KEEPER OF ARMORY HALL, BEING CAUGHT IN THE TOILS PROMISES REFORMATION.

Dillman, the Murderer.

John Dillman, who was sentenced to be hanged on Feb. 12 for the cruel murder of his wife, March 20, 1883, has received a respite until April 6. The murderer, who is the father of several children, lived with his family at Bethlehem, Pa. About two weeks before the tragedy Dillman was called to Pottsville as a witness in a suit against his daughter's husband for desertion. He returned to Bethlehem on the 27th of March. His wife had meanwhile gone to the County Poor-house, near Nazareth. He went thither after her, and was admitted. The couple entered into an agreement with one another to return to Bethlehem, and live to-



JOHN DILLMAN,

THE NAZARETH, PA., WIFE MURDERER, TO BE HANGED AT EASTON, ON APRIL 6.

gether. On the next morning, March 20, Dillman and his wife left the poor-house at 6 o'clock in company with Annie Koch and a little child, and went toward Nazareth, and thence to Hecktown, where Annie Koch left them at the cross-roads, about six miles from the poor-house. Mr. and Mrs. Dillman took the road leading toward Freemansburg, and while going through a dark lane the husband attacked his wife, tied her hands with a heavy cord, threw her down, and with his pocket-knife cut both tubes of her throat. He then left her to die alone, and went toward Broadhead's Station, on the Bath Railroad. He was, however, soon arrested and lodged in jail. He subsequently acknowledged to the sheriff that he had committed the deed, but claimed not to know why he did it.



SAVED FROM THE TIDE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE RECENT FLOODS IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA--THE RESCUE OF A CHILD FROM THE RUSHING WATERS OF THE YOUGHIOGENY RIVER.

CONTRABAND NEWS

NO. III.

Patriots and their Profits.

HOW THE PERQUISITES WERE MADE AND DIVIDED.

A Few of the Monetary Operations in the Army Depots and Camps on which were Founded the Fortunes that Astonish Us in This Period.

All through the war, from very first to very last, but especially while McClellan was being stabbed in the back and the patriotic howl was loudest, unblushing thievery, connived at by both high and low authorities, was in progress about the army depots at the bases of supplies. The clerk who receipted for a thousand boxes of hard-tack, was easily induced to receipt for two; the superintendent who had charge of unenlisted laborers and stevedores, filled out his pay-rolls with dummy laborers and shared the extra money with high officials. All this was known to the correspondents, who, in prying about, were sure to fall on these little games. Most of the scribes were cunning enough to work themselves in so that they might be bribed to secrecy. Hardly one of the New York corps of writers but had a neat little income from this source, which he devoted to paying his mess assessment in the headquarters staff with which he lived in the field. The thievery was general and astounding in its proportions, and it grew worse as the war progressed and the thieves improved their plans. Millions were stolen, and the highest authorities at the front, and some dignitaries in Washington pocketed the cash without questions, receiving it as a matter of course and without a single twinge of conscience. Commanding officers levied tribute on sutlers for the privilege of their camps, and the brigadier who couldn't get a horse-dealer to present him with a fine war stud from the Government corral, did not know his business and was not up with the times.

The chartering of tugs, steamboats and sea transports of various kinds to the Government was a rich source of wealth to the rings, cliques and military authorities who were wise enough to keep on duty in the army rear, to butter their hard-tack on both sides. Such robbery as there was in these little transactions! It would make the head of even one of the old Tweed ring swim to attempt to figure up the proceeds of the barefaced swindles perpetrated in these transactions. One night, for instance, the writer entertained in his tent a well-known steamboat owner of New York, now a wealthy summer resident of Long Branch, and an ununiformed employee of the Government who acted as a sort of captain of the port, or something of that kind, having control of the water transportation at Yorktown and Fortress Monroe. This New York speculator had fixed things in Washington, and then had gone to Fortress Monroe and finished off by "seeing" Capt. K—, the sea-dog personage who had control of his interests. Everything having been arranged to their mutual benefit, the pair had borrowed Government horses from the well-stocked corral, and had taken an excursion to the front for pleasure. They had a jolly time with a case of assorted liquors which had been sent up from the quartermaster's depot, and when they lay down on the blankets on one side of the reporter's wall tent, were recklessly garrulous. They talked on general subjects for an hour in the dark, and finally, thinking the writer sound asleep, began to recapitulate their bargains. There were four tugboats, the property of the New York speculator, then in the employ of the Government. There were three others in New York bay in the private employ of the speculator. The whole seven, however, were paid for by the Government on charters, as if they were actually in its service, and the official at "the front" was covering the fraud by mentioning the missing vessels in his reports and invoices. The plotters whispered all their future plans, among which was the idea of getting the Government to buy the rotten tugs in the end, to make up a mosquito fleet for river service, in due time, when the profits of transporting and tugging began to fall off. This plan was afterward a year after-carried out. The tugs—the four that the Government had, and the three it thought it had and paid for the use of while they were tugging away through New York harbor, at from \$50 to \$100 a job, for the private benefit of the owner, were transferred to swindled Uncle Sam for prices that were three times greater than their worth. The three that had never been in the service, were also sold on paper, and the owner got their value. In the course of arming these hulks, the three were dropped out of the records altogether by a stroke of the pen on the part of certain officials, and were never more thought of. It was this little scheme that was unfolded in the hearing of the young reporter by gray-beards of respectability who talked by daylight of honor and patriotism, and the gallant boys in blue, and loyalty, and love of country, and how sweet it was to die for one's native land. It was these silver-tongued out-spoken orators of the open honest day who were the thieving, plotting whippersnappers of the darksome night. No wonder the young writer, who was making his first acquaintance with the ways of the world, found all his moral teachings scattered to the winds, and his ideals of patriotism and honor shattered forever. In his "freshness" and verandancy he undertook to write such plots up, but was speedily given to understand that there were great parties and great reputations at stake, and if such strictures were to begin, they would enlarge and show so much thievery and so much general corruption that the public would raise a clamor, recruiting would stop, the army would be demoralized and the men would begin to disrespect their leaders. So in this view it was treasonable and disloyal to decry and unmask thieves, and highly proper and patriotic to cover up their transactions. Fifty dollars were given the reporter by a Captain who said that he had no ob-

jection to dealing liberally by him so that he would have no excuse for kicking up a fuss and obliging the authorities to repress him as a treasonable writer and a "Copperhead" of the most venomous species. What astonished the callow youth most was the natural way in which he was bribed, no one supposing for a moment that he could be actuated by any other motives than those of jealousy and the desire to get a finger into the pie. This knowledge thus early gained was of incalculable service to him afterward in rating hypocrites at their proper value, and in establishing in his mind a distrust of the loudest-mouthed patriots, which endures to this day.

Beyond looking for bribes and writing such rose-colored lies as suited Stanton and his sneaks, who used the letters as they passed through the post-office or the dispatches that were confided to the enlisted telegraph operators, the newspaper man had no latitude in those days. Forced to the involuntary patriotism (!) of being blind to the truth, and writing romances to gull the people and to encourage enlistments, the reporters adopted the policy of prowling the picket lines and buying Richmond papers from the enemy. These papers were sent to the New York journals, and from them were culled so many items of news concerning not only the "Johnnies" but the Union forces, that the Stanton spies came down on the scribes again on the plea that they were giving "aid and comfort" to the enemy by publishing our plans of campaign. When it was shown that these had been first published in the enemy's newspapers a week in advance, there was an order issued that no Richmond papers should be sent to the Northern newspapers until the Provost-Marshal of the Army, or one of his non-combatant spies—creatures of the War Office—should have first read them and mutilated such parts as were considered contraband news. It was determined that the people of the North should get no inkling of the truth. Indeed, it is well they did not, at a critical moment; for had they become aware how rotten was the Government in its minor departments, how insincere and venal many of the chieftains of the army, no amount of oratory would have convinced them that it was their duty to send their sons to the front to "die nobly in the defense of their native land," that they might perpetuate the glorious Union. They might not have viewed death with such patriotic resignation if they had known their blood was intended to perpetuate not only the nation, but the parasitic thieves who clung to the body, and sang the "Star Spangled Banner" and other stirring patriotic airs in the breathing spells when they were resting from their blood-sucking labors. One day the reporters who took the risk of going out on the picket lines and buying the Southern papers, were all taken into custody when they returned, and the papers were taken away from them. Then they were forbidden to buy any more papers, and were told to confine their duties to writing such cooked-up news as was prescribed at headquarters. Among the ambitious young men who had sought the field as historians, was George Alfred Townsend. He thought the army would furnish abundant material for fine descriptive writing, and engaging as a *Herald* correspondent he contracted to photograph things as they were and events as they passed, decorating them in the most showy, variegated hues of his rhetorical style. He arrived in the army all enthusiasm. The *Herald* furnished him as it did its other correspondents, a horse worth \$125, the regular Government price, with saddle and equipments, a field-glass and revolver, and the money to pay his expenses as a gentleman member of the General's staff that might receive him. Just as McClellan had finished all his parallels and trenches and had got his big siege guns into position to batter down Magruder's earthworks at Yorktown, the rebel General retired to Williamsburg and the Union forces began the movement ahead that culminated in the Seven Days Battle, the terrible slaughter in the swamps of the Chickahominy and the change of base to the James river—a brilliant, gallant, but indecisive and, on the whole, disheartening campaign. Townsend arrived among the corps of reporters as the forward movement began. He had a very handsome outfit, among which was a water-proof bag to contain his roll of blankets and change of clothing, compactly fitted to be strapped on the cantle of his saddle. He stopped at the field headquarters of a cavalry officer to inquire his way to Hancock's tents, and entered on the invitation of the officer, to take a drink. When he came out, he missed his roll of blankets and his pistol. He told the General. "Oh, some of my boys have taken them, I suppose," he replied, with a laugh. And Townsend proceeded on his way damning his luck. He stopped at a post-sutler's tent, beside the Corduroy road, over which the artillery was being hauled, and, tying his horse to a sapling, went into the tent to buy some bread and cheese. When he came out again, horse, saddle and bridle had all disappeared, and when he complained he was laughed at. He reached Hancock's headquarters in an ambulance. The quartermaster furnished him a new horse and equipments, for which he was verandant enough in army usage to pay in money. Then he began his journalistic photographing, but at the same time keeping his eye on his mount and looking out for thieves all the time. His first army experience had benefited him that much at least. Well, he tried his photographing, as we have said, and his first article was summarily destroyed, and a newspaper he had obtained on the picket line, at some personal risk, was confiscated. It went on in this way for two or three weeks. Then an inquiry came to him from the office of his newspaper as to when he was going to begin writing his letters; not a line having been received from him in a month. Then he made inquiries about Hancock's headquarters and learned that his letters and the newspapers had been confiscated as "contraband." He was terribly enraged, blamed Hancock and his officers for the high-handed proceeding and left the staff. He and an artist of *Harpers' Weekly* then messed together, and he continued writing his photographic letters and buying newspapers at the risk of getting a sharpshooter's rifle leveled on him, and the manuscript and papers were regularly absorbed by the Provost Marshal's small satraps, who doubtless enjoyed the style very much, but never forwarded the copy to its destination after they had read it. Under these circumstances he was not advancing rapidly in popularity in the *Herald* office. In a month he had bought two horses, and his expenses over his salary had not been a bagatelle, and yet not a line of his copy had been furnished the printers. All the time, though, he kept hard at work, doing his level best, collecting real news, writing it up in a swinging, easy, brilliant style, planning "beats" on other reporters, witnessing skirmishes, and taking rough chances for his life as a free lance. The discomfort of his position, too, was sad, but he blithely

went his ways and continued in his enterprising course in the cheerful delusion that he was making a brilliant reputation in the *Herald* as the historian of the real events of the war. Still, Stanton's spies rummaged the mails for these choice specimens of fine writing, and still George Alfred continued doing yeoman service, getting up before daybreak to gather details, and riding miles at night to get off his written accounts of what he had witnessed, with elaborate rhetorical ornamentation peculiar to his pen even in that early day of his journalistic career. All this while the other reporters were forwarding dispatches and letters of the prescribed gush and the headquarter's style of "truly loyal" description. Their letters being loyal, lies were published. His, being the unvarnished truth, well and graphically told, were confiscated. He was blissfully ignorant of this fact, however, and continued his labor with a desperate zeal that should have won him a happier fate as a correspondent. At last came the necessity for the change of base and the retreat to the James river. Townsend was at his best in this emergency. He flitted from the advance to the rear guard on the first day, and noted the skirmishes, the maneuvers and the details of individual and collective gallantry with a facile, almost inspired pen. He hired a messenger to rush off the letter containing this brilliant description, and after nightfall, stumbling along among the picketed mules and the weary sleepers of the rear guard, found a lonely baggage-wagon. To a wheel of this he tied his weary horse, and, wrapping his blanket about him, sank exhausted to sleep on the damp ground. He was aroused by heavy cannonading and the howling of shells over his head, at six in the morning. He looked about him. The baggage-wagon was nowhere to be seen. There was no sign of his horse. The troops had retired at 4 A. M., and the teamster had driven off not only the wagon, but the correspondent's steed which was tied to its wheel. The animal was never seen again by its owner. An intense disgust asserted itself in his inmost soul, but he had no time to give it outward expression. He had to "get right up and git" on the instant, for the enemy was advancing with a resound of artillery, a rattle of musketry and a fanfare of yells that gave abundant proof they meant business. He pursued the rest of his way on that retreat to Harrison's Landing painfully, on foot, and arrived at the Landing a most wretched, feeble individual. He imagined himself a hero and a *Herald* martyr, an historian whose fame was assured. Imagine his horror, then, when the first word of the chief correspondent of the *Herald*, Charley Farrell, was a complaint.

"Where have you been?" said he.
"Been? I've been in hell, or the next thing to it. I couldn't get to the Landing sooner; I had my horse stolen and had to walk all the way."
"What! Another horse?"
"Yes, another horse."
"Why didn't you write some letters to the paper while you were out at the front?"
"Write? I? Why, I flooded the paper with letters. I never worked so hard in my life."
"Mr. Hudson says you didn't send him one."

"What?"
The situation was paralyzing to the journalistic photographer, and it was worse when he inquired into the matter and found that all his letters had contained contraband news and had been confiscated. George Alfred resigned his position in disgust, and ever since has flamed furiously when any allusion has been made to the experience of correspondents with our army.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A COMPETENT WITNESS.

How the Plain Tale of a Plain Soldier Puts Down Injurious Slanders—An Important Statement from General Jubal A. Early.

At this time, when malice and ignorance are slandering the Louisiana State Lottery Company, those who believe in justice and fair play will read with interest the following from the pen of General Jubal A. Early, whose veracity was never questioned. Read what he has to say:

"Mr. M. A. Dauphin, the President of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, resides in New Orleans, which has been his place of residence for many years, and he is universally esteemed as a gentleman of high character. For the correctness of whatever he publishes in regard to the operations of the Lottery Company I am willing to vouch. The drawings of the Lottery, semi-annual and monthly, are under the sole and exclusive control of General Beauregard and myself, the officials of the Lottery Company having nothing to do with them, except to furnish us with the requisite materials and facilities; and we take especial care that the drawings are published precisely as they take place.

"I may say here that there are many people who cannot understand how it is that, when they have bought five, ten, fifteen or twenty tickets, they have drawn nothing. It is only necessary to say that of those who do buy tickets, there must necessarily be a very great many who draw nothing. If it were not so, no one would be fool enough to establish a lottery. Where a man, by spending ten dollars, stands a chance of drawing \$150,000, \$50,000, \$20,000 and various other prizes of smaller amounts; or, by sending five dollars, can draw \$75,000, \$25,000 and \$10,000, and various other prizes down to \$25, he must not be surprised if he fails after taking many chances. It is a matter of chance or luck entirely.

"General Beauregard and myself have had ample opportunity to test the integrity of the Louisiana State Lottery Company in all of its dealings, and we are willing to vouch for it, as we have done on repeated occasions. If any one can satisfy us that the company has acted fraudulently in any of its dealings, we will dissolve our connection with it very promptly, and take far more efficient measures to expose its misdeeds than can be taken by irresponsible anonymous newspaper correspondents.

"The Company, which numbers among its stockholders some of the most respectable gentlemen of New Orleans, has sense enough to know that it can make a great deal more money by conducting its operations fairly and honestly, than by a resort to fraud. It has a firm financial basis to stand on, and is therefore subject to the hostility of other lottery companies which have no capital.

"I may add that it pays for the support of the Charity Hospital in New Orleans, one of the noblest charities in all the country, \$40,000 per annum, according to its contract with the State. Besides this its principal proprietors contribute very liberally and largely to other charities and public enterprises. J. A. EARLY."
Philadelphia, (Pa.) News, Feb. 2.

KEELER AND HIS CRIMES.

A Determined Criminal Once More in the Toils for a Determined Robbery.

[With Portrait.]

Eldin B. Hayden's jewelry store, at No. 205 Fulton st., Brooklyn, was entered and robbed on Sunday, Jan. 27. At 11 o'clock on Saturday night the place was closed. Burglar alarms were attached to the doors and windows and a gas-jet was left burning. The police could obtain a good view of the interior from the street as they passed to and fro. Mr. S. H. Whitney, the manager for Mr. Hayden, went to the store between 9 and 10 o'clock Sunday morning and found everything safe. He remained in the store until 10:45. He then went out for an hour. He detached the burglar alarm so that he would have no trouble when he entered the second time. The light was left burning in the store. This, together with the fact that the partition which divided a small back room from the store being painted a dark color, rendered it almost impossible to see any person in that part of the store from the street.

The burglars had evidently made an observation of the safe, and calculated what tools they would require to open it. They entered by the hallway, then descended the cellar stairway to the first landing, where they went to work and cut a hole through an eighteen-inch brick wall. They made it large enough for a man to pass through easily. They then went over a coal-heap, and passed up to the jewelry store by forcing a trap-door behind the counter, which was simply secured by a bolt. The safe, which is of the Terwilliger make with a combination lock, was partly concealed by the large stove in the rear of the store. Knowing that expedition was necessary the cracksmen set to work to open the safe as quickly as possible. There was no powder used to blow it open, neither were holes drilled near the lock. They simply went to work upon the hinges of the door with a wedge and sledge-hammer and broke them off. Then they set the door down against the end of the safe, carried the trays of jewelry, diamonds, watches and silver to the rear room, where they sorted out the most valuable, taking only the gold watches and leaving the silver. The value of the property stolen will reach \$5,000.

Mr. Whitney, upon making the discovery of the robbery, immediately notified the police, and on Feb. 3 Inspector Byrne of New York city, arrested Edward Keeler and John Fay, the former a well-known crook, on suspicion of being the burglars.

Keeler, who is thirty-six years of age, is well known to the police, and has spent a large part of his life behind the bars. In 1872 he was tried, convicted and sentenced to ten years in State Prison for an aggravated assault committed on Policeman Tully in a saloon on First avenue, between Forty-first and Forty-second streets, New York city. Tully was endeavoring to quell a fight in the saloon when he was attacked by Keeler, who wrenched his club from him and beat him frightfully, inflicting injuries from which he afterward died. During the fight a rough named Lavey killed Officer Lambert by striking him on the head with a piece of marble. Lavey was sentenced to imprisonment for life. Keeler had only been out of jail a few weeks when, in March, 1880, he, with two "pals," named Wood and Cady, blew open the safe of the agent of the United States Express at New Paltz, Ulster county. They were arrested and locked up in the county jail at Kingston.

They were scarcely secured when Keeler managed to entice the sheriff into his cell on the plea that he wished to make important disclosures, and suddenly threw him down, overpowered and gagged him. He then gained possession of the officer's keys and released his confederates. The three took to the woods, but were overtaken by a party of citizens armed with pistols and shot-guns, and compelled to surrender. On the way back to jail Keeler managed to sneak behind the officer in whose charge he was, and raising his manacled hands struck him two terrific blows on the back of his head.

The policeman fell, and before any of the party could fire on him the fearless ruffian had plunged into a thicket and again escaped. He was briskly pursued, but in the darkness managed to conceal himself.

Next morning he was brought to bay. He defended himself desperately, standing with his back to a rock and hurling stones at his pursuers. Under threat of being instantly shot he surrendered and was taken back to Kingston. He was subsequently tried, and served out a three years' sentence, from which he has only just been released.

Of Fay, the other prisoner, little is known.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 44, out Saturday, Feb. 9, contains: New York Against Detroit, and Detroit Wins; how a great cocking main was spoiled by foul play; scenes and incidents of the pit at Greenbush, N. Y., on Jan. 31, from sketches by a *Week's Doings* special artist. "Hot Supe;" illustrated. A Daring Abduction; illustrated. Bounding at the Ball; how New York enjoys the carnival season; gay girls and bully boys on the loose; illustrated. The Slave of Gold; how the prospector lives, labors and dies; from lonely days in the forest to red hot sprees in the dives; painting the town red and wasting gold like chaff; bed rock at last; magnificently illustrated. Billy McGlory's Reformation; how the ex-lord of Armory Hall succumbed to an evangelist, with portrait. Frank Dobbs' Wives; a splendid story of artist life in New York; by Alfred Trumble. Gil-hooly's Uncle; a story of Union square; by Bill Poster. The Prompter; XIV; McKee Rankin. "On Der Square;" XIV. Referee. Bill Board. Prowler.

The only 5-cent Illustrated Sporting and Sensational Paper in America. Sold by all newsdealers, or by mail. GAZETTE and Doings, one year, \$6.00.

A SHOCKING DISCOVERY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An amusing police court case came up here last week. An elderly lady applied for the arrest of her nieces, two young girls, for assault. The brother of the girls, it seems, owns one of those electrical traps which look like a strength tester, and which have created amusement in many a bar-room. He had this fastened to the wall of his room. His aunt made a call, and her curiosity prompted her to investigate the contrivance, when her nieces treated her to a shock that nearly made her eyes pop from their sockets. The justice gave the young ladies a lecture on the subject of practical jokes, and dismissed the case.

NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

A Husband and Wife Living Together in Silence.

A Deceived Woman Registers an Oath Never to Speak to Her Husband Again.

On Madison avenue, Baltimore, there is a married couple who, for the past five years, have existed surrounded by the most intense atmosphere of mental gloom. Although the husband is actively engaged in business, making money thereby rapidly, and possesses many companionable and social characteristics; although the wife is a refined, maturely beautiful woman; although three attractive and lovely children complete the domestic roll-call of this particular family, yet for the past five years not one solitary word has been exchanged between this husband and wife. They each day partake at the same table and at the same hour of three solemn, silent—as far as they are concerned—meals. The children, of course, chatter some, but the father and mother sit dumb, like monumental statues in a snow-storm. Each night they occupy the same room, but not one word ever escapes their lips. A recital of the cause for this most remarkable state of daily affairs, especially as far as the lady is concerned, certainly portrays a most extraordinary and romantic life drama.

Ten years ago the lady who now successfully enacts the role of the "Silent Wife," was a beautiful society belle. Among her suitors at that time were two persistent young men, both armed with culture, education, wealth and energy. One of those she loved and ultimately formally accepted him, and they became publicly betrothed. The other, as may be safely surmised, then took a back seat in the arena of life for the time being; but he did not mourn in obscurity and despair for a very lengthy period. In an evil hour, by the most subtle arts, he succeeded in convincing the lady that the gentleman to whom she was engaged was a perfidious libertine and had betrayed a certain young lady with whom she was casually acquainted. When an explanation was demanded by the lady, the accused returned an indignant reply, and the result was an open rupture. The rejected suitor now had the opportunity which he had sought for, and again laid a most vigorous siege to the citadel of this belle's heart. In a moment of desperation and pique, the young lady accepted this once rejected young man and hastily married him. Five years after the marriage this lady, accompanied by her husband, went to a fancy-dress ball given under the auspices of a charitable organization in which she was deeply interested. During all these years of her supposed happy married life she had never seen nor exchanged words in any way with the gentleman to whom she had once been betrothed, and who, in true reality, was the only man she ever loved.

During the height of the festivities she was invited to dance by what seemingly was a stranger. Her husband at the time was temporarily absent. She, feeling strangely and irresistibly attracted toward the masked gentleman who asked her for the honor of a waltz, although he was apparently a stranger, reluctantly consented. During the dance she became fully conscious of the most singular and unaccountable impressions. At its conclusion the supposed stranger drew her apart from the throng, and in a quiet and obscure corner unmasked, showing the even yet dear, familiar features of the gentleman whom she had loved for many years. He had known her even masked as she was, and sought this opportunity to convince her of how terribly she had been deceived five years before. Then and there, in that scene of festivities, surrounded by gayly and fantastically-dressed crowds of laughing people, amid the sweet sounds of music, in an atmosphere perfumed only with merriment and contentment, the culmination of a sickening life sorrow was unfolded. In a very few moments this gentleman drew from the pockets of his rich and handsomely-decorated costume documents and papers, the import of which at once convinced the lady that five years before she had been the victim of a most terrible deception; that this gentleman was guiltless of the infamous social crimes with which he had been charged, and that her own husband, prior to marriage, had lied to her and had deceived her in the most cruel and heartless fashion. This lady is a woman of the most decided and energetic character. She at once parted forever from the gentleman before her, who eagerly pleaded that he might be permitted to see her, if it was only once more. Thus she parted with the only man she ever loved, with feelings in her heart which no tongue could describe. Then she sent for her husband and both at once left the ball-room. That night she talked with him for the last time in this world. The first thing the next morning she went in her carriage to the office of a prominent notary public on St. Paul street, and legally made a most solemn oath that she would never again speak to her husband.

SAVED FROM THE TIDE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The waters of the West have again broken loose from their barriers and are carrying destruction in their path. Every year there is more or less damage done by floods and gorges on the banks of the rivers of the Middle and Western States. Although it is not every year that great floods occur on the Ohio, gorges on the Susquehanna, or crevasses on the Mississippi, yet the periods are growing shorter and the destruction and loss of life greater in groups of years.

This year the tidings of disaster comes sooner than usual. From all the region of Western Pennsylvania, where rivers flow into the Ohio, come accounts of disaster, and the swollen waters are rushing on to the Mississippi. Tidings from Pittsburg, Pa., where the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers unite to form the Ohio, shows that the water is thirty-five feet above the ordinary mark, 20,000 people are imprisoned in their houses and great distress prevails.

Advices from Cincinnati, Wheeling, Louisville and points all along the Ohio and its tributaries, state that the water is doing great damage.

In these annual recurring freshets, there are many occurrences that bring out incidents of daring and self-sacrifice. One that lately happened we illustrate. A farmer, whose little home was on the Youghiogemy river, in Pennsylvania, being warned by the approaching waters, was preparing to move his family. The waters had already carried away the bridge across the river near his house, and means of flight were cut off

by the ordinary road. He found that he would have to take to a boat, and he hurriedly gathered his family and a few household articles together. As the most precious thing in the homestead, he first deposited his infant daughter in the boat, but while endeavoring to get the rest of the family in the same ark of safety the rushing stream carried away the boat with its precious burden. Fortunately he managed to draw the boat ashore by clinging to the broken pliers of the bridge that had been washed away.

A REVEREND RASCAL.

Desertion of His Wife in Denver by an Iowa Preacher.

A strange, yet apparently truthful story, of desertion, hypocrisy and religious rascality has come to light within the past few days, at Denver Col. Some months ago there arrived in Denver a Rev. Mr. Dorsey, who it is said, formerly occupied a pulpit in some part of Iowa, but who does not seem to have been regularly connected with any religious movement in Denver. His wife, a young and once beautiful woman, was stricken down with rheumatism which became acute and inflammatory. About this time she received from friends in the East the sum of \$300, and while the woman was in her bed-ridden condition, her pious fraud of a husband is said to have skipped out with the \$300, and does not appear to have shown up since.

The Rev. Dorsey and his wife were living on South Eleventh street, in a room for which they were paying about \$9 a month. It is claimed that since her husband left her, the proprietors of the house, where there are many other roomers, shamefully neglected the bed-ridden woman. The county authorities and the Ladies' Relief Society interested themselves. Dr. Everett, the county physician, attended her, and found, as the result of neglect, that one of her lower limbs had become terribly swollen, discolored and inflamed. The Ladies' Relief Society believed the woman to be a helpless and thoroughly worthy person, and did all they could to aid her. She is a daughter of a prominent citizen of Chicago, a colonel in the Union army, and who is a well-to-do and thoroughly respectable gentleman. A letter was written to him, informing him of his daughter's condition. The neighbors say that the Rev. Mr. Dorsey, the husband of the unfortunate woman, behaved toward her like a brute and a tyrant, and treated her with extreme cruelty. It is claimed that he was living principally on the money sent to his wife by her relatives.

FRED. DOUGLASS.

[With Portrait.]

The marriage of Fred. Douglass to Miss B. Hill, at Washington, on Jan. 24, has again brought before the public the name of the man whom force of circumstances has made pre-eminently the representative of the colored race of America. He is full of years and honors. What his exact age is he probably does not know himself. Of his exact lineage he is equally ignorant. It is certain that he is of mixed blood, the African predominating. He was born in slavery, escaped from bondage, and, smarting under the stigma of the old slave laws that branded him as a chattel, took up the cudgels from the race whose proscribed blood ran through his veins. With tongue and pen he advocated the cause of the colored man, and in the new era, when justice supplanted prejudice, he was looked upon as one who had aided in bringing about the reform, and rewarded accordingly. He has been Marshal of the District of Columbia, and is at present Register of Deeds at Washington.

His bride is a white woman, and has for some time been a clerk in his office. In the marriage certificate her age is given as thirty-five, while the groom is credited with sixty-five years, which is mere guess-work and probably below the mark.

Douglass' first wife, a colored woman, is a year dead; his present wife has been somewhat noted as a woman's rights advocate. In his new undertaking the veteran abolitionist will have to run the gantlet of a divided sympathy among both whites and blacks.

THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The winter carnival that opened at Montreal on Feb. 4, was the most successful of the annual entertainments in the lively Canadian city that have come to be looked upon as one of the most notable events of the season of ice and snow on this continent. More than the usual crowd of pilgrims from Canada and the United States flocked to the city on the St. Lawrence river, and all enjoyed themselves. The glories of the ice palace, and the zest of the winter sports were revelations to many of the visitors. We give an illustration of one of the many pleasures, showing a lively race on sleds by a jolly party, at the Toboggan Club Grounds.

LUNACY ON THE LOOSE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Jared D. Webb, of Matawan, N. Y., has been at times consigned to the Utica Lunatic Asylum. His insanity has lately taken a strange form. At midnight in the coldest weather he would wander about the village in his night-dress. He was also a somnambulist. One night last week he jumped from a second-story window, and walked in his sleep to the Dibble House, where he attempted to effect an entrance. He came near being shot by the proprietor, who mistook him for a burglar. His feet were torn and bleeding, and he was still in the land of dreams when found.

KILLING HIS BABY BROTHER.

An affair of a remarkably sad character occurred in East St. Louis a few days ago. Mrs. Charles Joyce, wife of a railroad switchman, left her house to go to the grocery, leaving her two children—one two years old, the other three months—alone. The infant was nursing from a bottle; the older child took the bottle, and when the mother entered the room a few minutes afterward she saw the two-year old just in the act of striking the infant a blow over the head with it. The blow knocked the little one senseless, and it never regained consciousness, dying half an hour later in its mother's arms.

A LOVER'S REVENGE.

As the congregation was leaving the Sparta Church, near Randolph, McLean county, Ill., on Feb. 3, Leroy Smith shot Wm. Thompson, an old and well-known justice of the peace, through the left breast, inflicting a mortal wound. The cause was an old grudge, occasioned by Thompson refusing to allow Smith to visit his daughter.

SCANDAL IN THE HAREM.

A Daughter of the True Faith Elopes With an Infidel Dog.

The wildest excitement prevails in Constantinople, and palace and diplomatic circles have sustained a shock unequalled since the tragic death of Sultan Abdul Aziz. The present monarch who has been pictured as an uncommonly mild-mannered Turk, is beside himself with rage, and Stamboul trembles at the echoes of his anger. The cause of all this commotion, which has turned the Queen of Bosphorus as completely topsy-turvy as it could be if the victorious Mahdi were at her gates, is simply a pretty widow. One year ago she was the bride of Kiazim Bey, who had been First Secretary of the Palace but was then out of office and living in a palace opposite Scutari, surrounded by every luxury that wealth could provide, including a harem, of which the heroine of the present escapade was the acknowledged queen. Kiazim was gathered to his fathers some months past and his widow has since made the most of the comparative freedom which Mussulman practice has lately accorded to her condition. During the summer she was frequently found at Buyuk-Dere-Bek, the Sweet Waters, and the other romantic resorts in the vicinity of the Capital. Many foreigners who have seen her at these watering-places have declared that she was the loveliest woman in Europe. She had worshippers by the score, and she did not keep all of them at the safe distance which Moslem law enjoins. One, a handsome young *attache* of the Belgian Embassy, who is said to bear the title of an ancient baroncy, pressed his suit with determination and success. The dashing diplomat soon won the widow's heart, but race and religion were apparently insuperable obstacles to their marriage.

Finally the Baron's ardor and the woman's wit suggested an elopement, and so it has come to pass that Stamboul is horrified by the unprecedented scandal of a wealthy and lovely "daughter of the true faith" levitating with a "dog of an infidel." As nearly as can be ascertained the lady fled with her lover to Paris, where she abjured the Moslem creed, embraced Catholicism, and was duly married to her lover. At all events, they are safely out of the reach of the scandalized Sultan, and it is well, for her at least, that she is away, or even her dainty neck might feel the pressure of a bow-string.

Abdul Hamid, however, could not be brought to believe that she had escaped from Constantinople, and police and palace guards have scoured the city in search of the fugitives. During the hunt the police arrested the handsome young wife of Dr. Henry, a French physician, and the authorities insisted that she was the culprit for whom they were seeking. Dr. Henry was in terrible distress, and appealed to the Ambassador, but it was not until strong diplomatic pressure had been brought to bear upon the Sultan that the unfortunate lady was released. The Commander of the Faithful is now venting his wrath upon the remaining daughters of Islam by issuing strict edicts that the law as laid down in the Koran regarding the seclusion and veiling of women shall be rigorously enforced, and that all violations thereof shall be punished with the barbarous penalties enforced in the days of the Prophet. The unhappy husbands of the derelict lights of the harem, who have been sadly neglectful of the Koran's command in this respect, are in despair. Every man of them knows that he may be made shorter by a head if he fails to enforce the Sultan's decrees, and he also knows full well that he cannot enforce them without a harem rebellion, compared with which a peaceful death might be a luxury.

HE FOUND A BOODLE.

During the early part of last week Henry Clark, a conductor on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, who had left home in Baltimore with the expectation of making the run to Martinsburg, W. Va., changed his mind and returned at a late hour the same night. He at once retired, his wife having already done so. Soon afterward the wife complained of cramps, and asked her husband to go to a drug store for some medicine. He hastily drew on a pair of trousers and set out for the store. His surprise may be imagined when, on looking down while waiting for the medicine, he found his trousers several inches too short. He felt something bulky in one of his pockets, and putting in his hand, drew from it a roll of bills amounting to \$350. He then concluded that his presence at home was far more urgent than his wife's necessity for the medicine, and hastened there, but the man who had invaded his home, and with whom he had unwillingly changed clothing, had by this time beaten a hasty retreat. The trousers which the latter took away belonged to the husband, and contained only a few dollars. As the wife was not able to explain matters satisfactorily, the husband ordered her to leave the house also, with which request she complied. Papers for a divorce will be filed.

THE SHORN LAMB.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The glory of McGlory has departed. The celebrated keeper of Armory Hall has come to grief, and now, instead of dealing out the mild and inoffensive table beer, or welcoming guests to his gilded halls of delight, where paid high kickers attracted high-paying suckers, he capers nimbly in the striped gang on Blackwell's Island.

On Wednesday, Feb. 6, he was sentenced by Judge Cowing, in the Court of General Sessions, under the conviction of selling liquor without a license, to the penitentiary for six months. That the technical charge on which he was convicted had less to do with the verdict of the jury than the character of the place he kept can be judged from the remarks of Judge Cowing in passing sentence. The learned jurist said:

"McGlory, you have been convicted of violating the Excise law on an indictment found by an impartial Grand Jury, and through the verdict of an unprejudiced petit jury. There was but one question in your case, and that was as to whether you did or did not sell an intoxicating liquid on the evening of the 10th of November last. The jury decided that question unfavorably to you. Now, if one-half that I have heard against you is true, no punishment that the Court could inflict would make a martyr of you. But, after all, you do not stand before me to answer for whatever other misdeeds you may have been guilty of in your past life. Yet I cannot avoid taking into consideration your past life, because the law contemplates that character shall be weighed in estimating the amount of punishment. Old offenders should receive more punishment than those who for the first time receive the blemish of conviction. I do not intend to punish you more severely than I think you deserve. I have

been affected by nothing that I have heard more than it was proper that I should be affected. There are, of course, many persons in this city who would like to see you imprisoned for life—even hang at; but, on the other hand, there are others who think that you ought to escape any punishment. The sentence of the Court is that you be imprisoned in the penitentiary for one-half of the maximum term of imprisonment—six months."

An amusing incident of the somewhat sensational trial was the interest taken in the prisoner by President J. B. Gibbs, of the Manhattan Temperance Association, and a praying band, who persisted in turning Billy from his wicked ways whether or no. They no doubt saw money in him on the lecture platform as a reformed tough, and for awhile Billy appeared to work in with them, but he seems to have dropped the gang. While the farce lasted, prayers in his cell at the Tombs were in order, and Brother Gibbs' beanery in Nassau street did a thriving business by the influx of customers who wanted to see the friend of the great McGlory.

VICIOUS KITTY DOYLE.

Wrecked in her Immoral Life, She Swears Vengeance on her Father.

John Pook, a young Englishman, was recently arrested in Hoboken on a charge of having assaulted his father-in-law, Richard Doyle, and was taken before Recorder McDonough. His wife, Kitty Doyle, was formerly a teacher in one of the Hoboken schools. Two years ago she ran away with a police officer, a married man, and the escape cost her her position as teacher, and the officer his place on the police force. In September last she married Pook. At the examination it transpired that Pook has a wife and four children living at No. 22 Byron street, West Brighton, Sussex, England. Recorder McDonough held him in default of \$500 bail on the charge of a assault.

His legal wife will be asked to come to this country and prosecute him for bigamy. Miss Doyle, or Mrs. Pook, was in court to intercede for her husband. Instead of the robust, pretty young woman she was a few years ago, she looked yesterday like a beggar. Her clothing was disarranged, and her hair disheveled. One of her eyes was in deep mourning. She swore vengeance against her father, and left the police station with the intention of getting bail for Pook.

SUICIDE IN A BATH.

A man ordered a bath at 7 o'clock on the evening of Feb. 7, in Jacob Hofmeister's barber shop, under the U. S. Pension Building, corner of Canal and Laight streets. An hour later, August Bernhardt, an employee, looked into the bath-room. The stranger reclined in his bath with his head thrown back on the top end of the tub. Blood was flowing from a long gash in his neck, and the water of the bath was tinged with it. On the tub was a horn-handled, four-bladed knife. He had cut his throat clear across and gashed both arms inside of the elbows, and had inflicted twenty-seven different wounds about the chest and abdomen. One of the latter penetrated the intestines.

An ambulance took the man to the Chambers Street Hospital. He was irrational when he got there at 9 o'clock. He died at 10 o'clock. In his clothing were a number of cigarettes, ninety-two cents in money, and two pay envelopes, one of which was marked, "Vaumolin, 50 hours, \$12," the other, "Vaumolin, 50 hours, \$15." He was plainly dressed. He was five feet eight inches tall, had black hair and mustache, and was apparently thirty years old.

A MAD LOVER'S CRIMES.

Andrew Johnson, a young Dane, dissipated in his habits, and enamored with a young girl of fifteen, named Bertha Brassman, on Feb. 3, entered a restaurant in Racine, Wis., where the latter was employed. The girl seeing him enter the place, remarked, "I don't want anything more to do with you." Johnson seized the girl by the shoulders, and drawing a revolver, fired a shot, striking the girl in the breast, and as she turned shot her again in the back. He then put the pistol to his heart, fired, and expired instantly. The girl died a few moments later. On his way to the restaurant Johnson met a young man named August Gulbranson, against whom he held a grudge, and fired once at him, the ball going through Gulbranson's pants, but not harming him. A letter was found on Johnson's person which showed that the crime was premeditated.

FAST TYPE-SETTING.

Another country heard from. Here is a communication from an ambitious typo:

CARTHAGE, Mo., Feb. 3, 1884.

Editor POLICE GAZETTE:

Noticing in your valuable paper some of the records of fast type-setting, I would like to give my own record.

In September, 1882, in Bolivar, Mo., I set 2,019 ems of solid bourgeois in one hour, which will be sworn to by the proprietor of the paper, Mr. C. D. Lyman; also, in the office of the Carthage Daily Patriot, I set 16,800 ems of solid nonpareil in seven hours and fifty minutes, manuscript copy, which can also be sworn to.

If any "comp." wishes to have a trial with me, let him write to me.

Yours respectfully,

ALONZO T. MILLER.

FOLLY OF A VAIN GIRL.

The acknowledged belle of the town of Waterbury, Conn., is Miss May Stephens. Her brilliant complexion has long been the subject of talk and admiration of the young gallants and the envy of the girls. During a dance recently, she fainted and was carried out. Subsequently, complaining of being very much worse, she revealed the secret to her physician that for some time past she had taken a solution of arsenic to enhance the beauty of her complexion, and that she had gone so far that it required considerable of the drug to keep up the standard of her beauty. She added that many other girls use the same medicine to improve their beauty. The young lady will not recover.

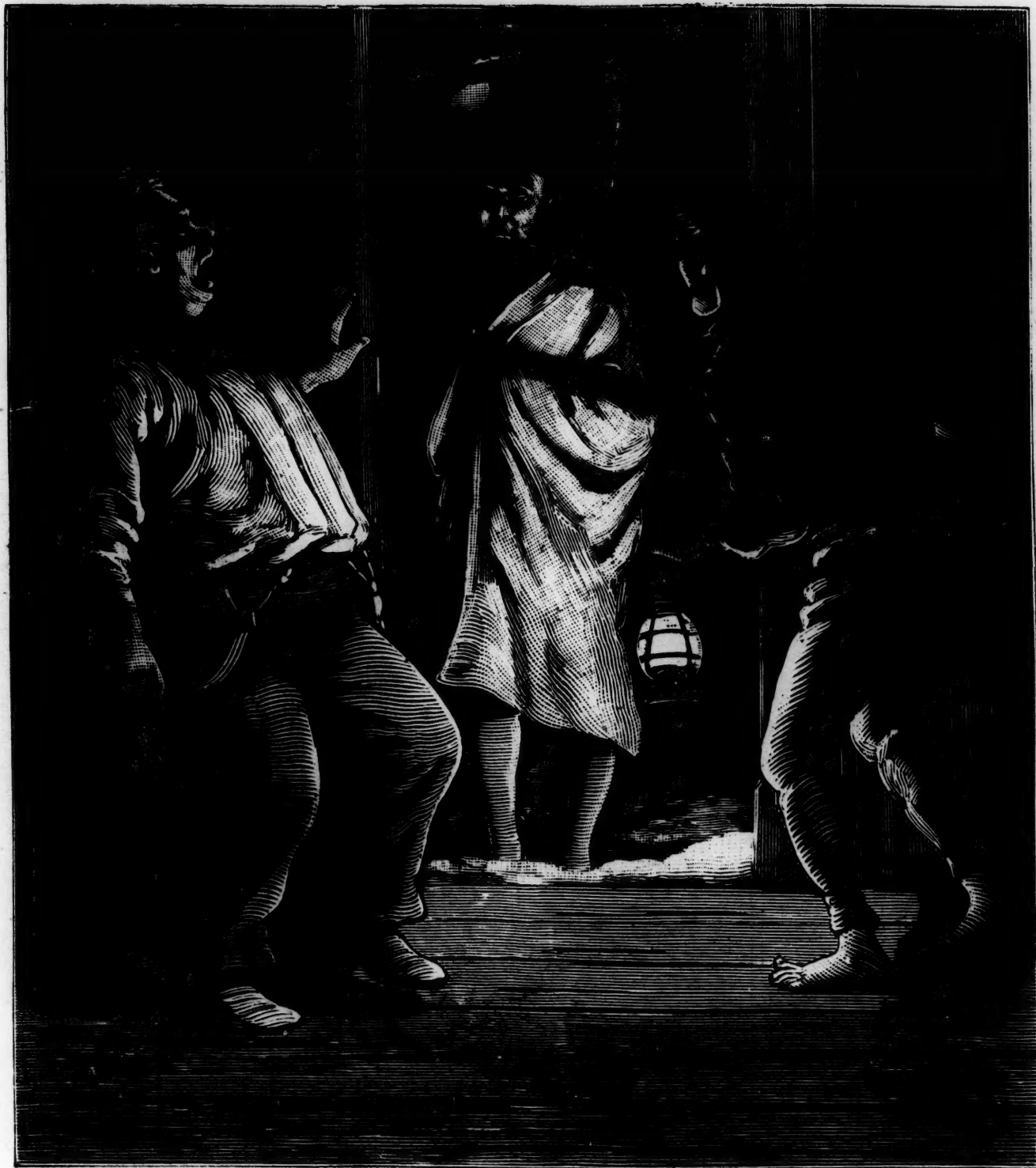
DYING IN A DENTIST'S CHAIR.

A dentist named Hoist, whose office is in the Providence portion of the City of Scranton, Pa., was startled, after pulling the fifteenth-tooth from the mouth of Mrs. James Stevenson, to find that she had died in the chair. Mrs. Stevenson was accompanied to the dentist's office by her family physician, Dr. Strang, who administered an anesthetic in equal parts of chloroform and ether. After the first dose two teeth were pulled. Nine were abstracted after the second, and five after the third dose. Then the doctor and dentist saw that Mrs. Stevenson was dead.



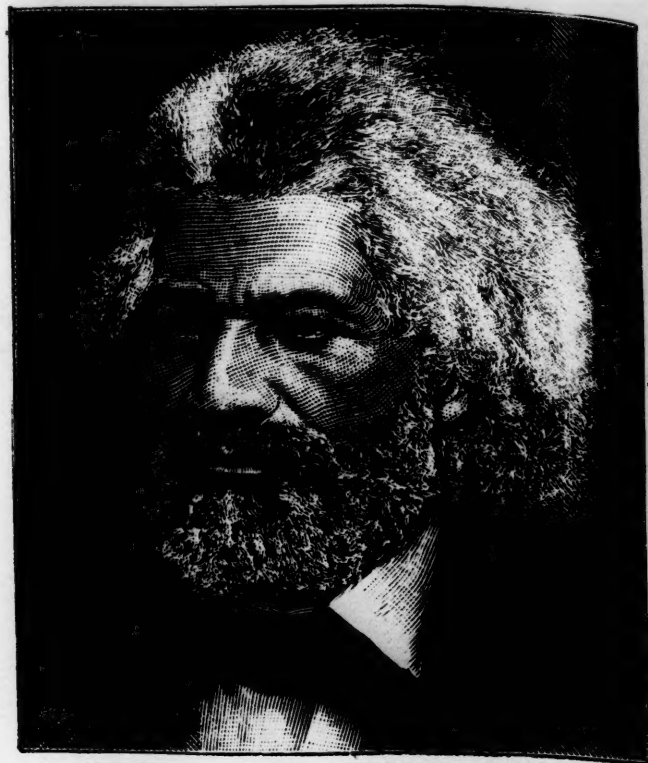
LEAP YEAR TRANSFORMATIONS.

THE SINGULAR CHANGE THE FESTIVE SEASON FOR THE GIRLS HAS WROUGHT IN THE COSTUMES OF THE BEAUS AND BELLES OF PHILADELPHIA.



LUNACY ON THE LOOSE.

THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF A STRAY CRANK WITH A WEAKNESS FOR FRESH AIR WHICH NEARLY COST HIM HIS LIFE, AT MATEAWAN, N. Y.



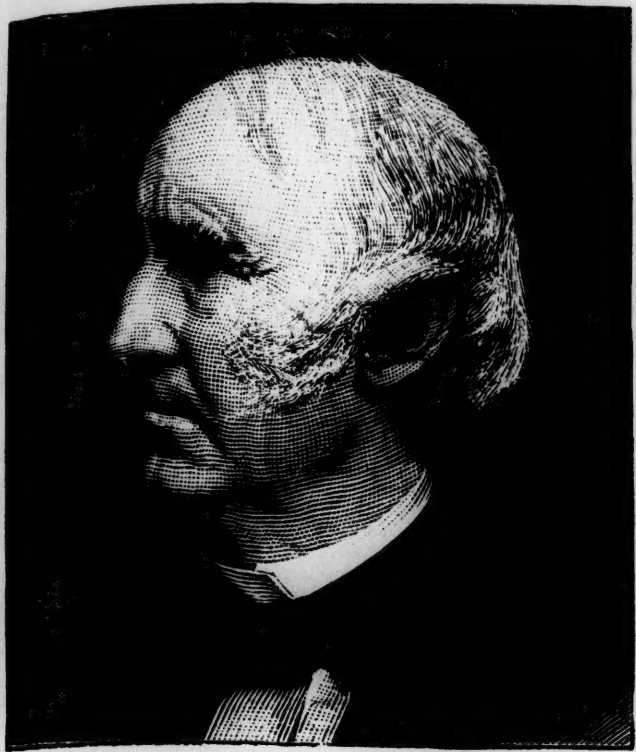
FRED. DOUGLASS,

COLORED POLITICIAN WITH INDEPENDENT IDEAS OF MISCEGENATION.



A SHOCK

MADE BY AN ELDERLY VIRGIN WITH AN INQUISITIVE NATURE AND AGE AND THE TIES OF



WENDELL PHILLIPS,

THE GREAT ABOLITIONIST AND HUMANITARIAN, DIED
FEBRUARY 2, 1884.



THE SCHUYLKILL'S DEATH-TRAP.

HOW THE SMALL BOYS OF THE QUAKER CITY INDULGE IN A PET WINTER SPORT AND KEEP THE UNDERTAKERS AND THE
LIFE SAVERS BUSY.



DISCOVERY

AND FRISKY NIGGERS WHOSE LOVE OF FUN OUTWEIGHS THEIR RESPECT FOR
OF CONDUCT, NEW YORK CITY.



RUM'S DEADLY WORK.

HOW A BRIDGEPORT CONN., REVELER'S FRIENDS TOOK HIM HOME AND LEFT A GHASTLY REMINDER OF THEIR VISIT
WHICH DEPRIVED HIM OF A PAYING BOARDER.

THE PRIZE RING.

The Doings of the Champions of the Manly Art.

The Glove Contest Between Walsh and McCaffrey--Daly and Stoddard and Murray and Henry to Meet.

Sullivan and his combination are still making barrels of money during their progress through Oregon. Sullivan is lionized and looked upon as a wonder wherever he goes, and if he would only curb his passion and know how to appreciate the strangers he comes in contact with, he would be fairly idolized by the thousands who journey hundreds of miles to catch a glimpse of the greatest pugilist of the age. Sullivan looks upon every one he meets with suspicion, and falls to follow the good advice his manager, Al Smith, has given him. Sullivan could make friends if he acted properly, but instead of doing so he boasts how he can whip this pugilist, knock out that one, and, to use his own oratory, dub them all. San Francisco sporting men and all classes of society turned out to see him and give him a grand reception on his arrival. He did not appreciate their kindness, and his gruff manner disgusted many. His exhibition at the Mechanics' Pavilion was badly managed. Speculators were allowed to secure all the seats, and the public refused to buy them, consequently the exhibition was not a success. The exhibition given by the combination did not satisfy those who did attend, and they left disappointed. San Francisco is a great show-town, and the sporting men are always ready to pay \$1 for a ticket, or \$2 if they can get half the value for their money, but in the exhibition given by the Sullivan combination, it is claimed, the boxing was tame, and those who did pay on Jan. 25 informed their friends, and gave the show a black eye for its second venture on the 28th of January. The prices were lowered, but only half as many paid the second night as did the first, and instead of making a big haul of California gold, there was not much of a margin left after the expense account was balanced. The show on the second night was not near as good as the first. Sullivan was hissed by the audience. It is claimed Sullivan had made disparaging remarks about Patsy Hogan, who keeps the "Police Gazette" Shades, and Richard K. Fox. Hogan is one of the most popular sporting men in San Francisco. He encourages sport, represents the POLICE GAZETTE, and has a legion of friends who stand by him through thick and thin. A number of Hogan's admirers, on being informed of the remarks Sullivan made, went in a body to the Mechanics' Pavilion and hissed Sullivan. The champion lost his temper and made matters worse by a threatening and insulting speech. The result was Sullivan, instead of leaving San Francisco full of friends, left behind a number of enemies.

All arrangements were made at this office between Hial H. Stoddard and Capt. James C. Daly's Unknown, on Feb. 2. To the surprise of many of the sporting men Daly named himself to face Stoddard. The pugilists selected Wm. E. Harding for referee, and the contest is to be decided at Clarendon Hall, East Thirteenth street, in this city, Wednesday evening, Feb. 13. Stoddard stands 5 feet 10 1/2 inches in height, and weighs 194 pounds. Daly is nearly 6 feet in height, and will weigh, trained, 190 pounds. It will be Stoddard's first appearance in this city in a genuine glove contest. There is not the least doubt that the fight between the giants will be well worth witnessing, as both will box on their merits in a scientific way.

The great prize fight between Tom Henry, of Manchester, Eng., and Jimmy Murray, of this city, formerly of Providence, will shortly be decided. The pugilists are to fight at catch weights, according to prize ring rules, with gloves for \$1,000. Murray has been steadily training under the able mentorship of Mike Henry, at the Hudson River Athletic Park, Eighty-sixth street, North river, and is in first-class condition. He is confident of winning. Henry is also in prime condition, and his backers are sanguine he will win. According to the agreement only a select number of sporting men will be furnished with tickets to witness the mill which will be fought within 100 miles of this city, on the 21st inst. It is expected that the contest will be one of the most desperate battles ever fought in a number of years. Murray has been tried in his contest with Bennie Greene, which he won after a long and stubborn battle, and since he has polished off Bob Turnbull in short order. He is a quick, determined two-handed fighter, possessed of great pluck and staying powers, and Henry will have to be as fit as a fiddle to beat him. Henry is comparatively unknown in this country, having recently arrived from Manchester, England. He has fought several battles, it is claimed, in the old country, and he brings a very flattering reputation. He has first-class managers backing him, and if coaching and engineering will help him he should either tie or win. Both pugilists are eager for the fray, and all they require is a clear field and fair play.

The *Critic*, published in Butte City, Montana, Jan. 24, says:

"J. K. Watte, of the Olympic, received yesterday from Hon. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, a very handsome medal. Upon the medal is engraved, on the first cross-piece, 'POLICE GAZETTE Champion Medal, Middle-weight Boxer of the Rocky Mountain Territory.' The territory mentioned includes Utah, Idaho and Montana. The second cross-piece is intended for the winner's name, to be engraved upon it. In the square are a couple of boxers in gold, in the attitude of defense.

"Mr. Fox puts up the medal to promote an interest in all athletic sports in this section of the country. The tournament will probably take place the latter part of this month or early next month. It is open to all in the territory. 'Police Gazette' rules to govern all contests."

The great glove contest between Jimmy Ryan and Jack Magee was decided at J. H. Clark's Olympic Garden, Philadelphia, on Jan. 23. The pugilists had entered into an agreement to box, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$100 and the gate receipts. They both weighed 147 pounds. Dominick McCaffrey was referee, Lew Creamer time-keeper, and Jack Keenan and "Nitchie" Golden were the respective seconds of Magee and Ryan.

After a little sparring Ryan began the battle by planting a solid right-hand blow on Magee's ear, and

followed up the attack by a perfect shower of swinging blows, right and left, and right-hand under-cuts, almost all of which took effect on Magee's face and ears, and, had the first round lasted a few seconds longer, Magee would probably have been knocked out in one round. As it was, Magee fell heavily just as time was called, and for a moment lay stretched out like a dead man.

His seconds carried him to his chair, and he came up for the second round looking weak. Ryan opened on him with a terrible under-cut, and followed it up with face jobs and round-arm blows, few of which failed of their mark; but Ryan began to show signs of weakness, and his blows fell off in strength.

Magee improved in the third round, and hit Ryan once or twice, but not hard, and on getting a few under-cuts in the jaw he began to clinch and hug when Ryan came for him.

Both men looked weak in the fourth round. Ryan did all the work. Magee leaned against the walls and partitions whenever he got the chance.

The fight was for four rounds, but the referee ordered another round of four, instead of three minutes. This was a repetition of the fourth round, and McCaffrey ordered a sixth round, but Magee refused to fight any longer, being about played out. The fight was given to Ryan, who had the best of it all the way through.

The glove contest between Jack Walsh, of Birmingham, England, and Dominick McCaffrey, of Pittsburgh, was decided at J. H. Clark's Olympic Garden, Philadelphia, on Feb. 6, and attracted a large crowd. McCaffrey was 20 pounds heavier than his opponent. For a full hour the men wrangled about gloves, to the great dissatisfaction of the crowd.

McCaffrey brought his own gloves with him, and insisted on using them. Walsh demanded that new gloves be used, as required by the rules.

Frank Gormley was at length chosen referee, and Jimmy Ryan time-keeper. Gormley, after consultation, decided in favor of the new gloves, and at 12 o'clock the men stood stripped for the battle. The fight was to be four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for the receipts of the house. McCaffrey was seconded by Alfred Lunt, and Walsh by Tim Manning.

In the first round McCaffrey forced the fighting. He got in four terrific round-arm blows on Walsh's neck. The latter did not seem able to touch his opponent, but devoted his time to warding off and dodging McCaffrey's blows. The second round was somewhat similar to the first, with the exception that McCaffrey made two or three rushes, but the Englishman came out of them smiling, after getting in two or three very pretty under-cuts.

McCaffrey went at Walsh viciously in the third round. He forced him to the wall several times. Walsh now began to get in some work, and there were signs that the heavy work was beginning to tell on McCaffrey's wind. In one of the latter's rushes it looked as though Walsh would be pounded to the floor, when, of a sudden, he wriggled out of the corner like an eel, and, with a tremendous blow, sent McCaffrey on his haunches. The Pittsburgher recovered quickly, with a surprised look on his face, and went vigorously to work again. Time was called, and Walsh again in a corner.

Walsh, who had purposely been letting McCaffrey do the heavy work, led off in the last round, and got in some telling blows amid wild enthusiasm. McCaffrey began rushing again, however, but in an instant was again nearly sent on his back by the slippery Englishman. He kept on, however, in a desperate endeavor to knock Walsh out, forcing him on the ropes twice, both men dealing terrible blows. When they had separated for the fifth time the four minutes allowed for the round had expired, and the battle was over.

Referee Gormley said that as near as he could judge McCaffrey had slightly the better of the contest, and the Pittsburgh man was accordingly declared the winner.

On Feb. 7 a burly pugilist stumbled into Billy Madden's Athletic Hall, 120 East Thirteenth street, and offered to box anybody in the house, Madden included. "I would sooner knock you out than any one," said the man ambitious to gain notoriety in the arena.

"I have done with fighting," said Madden, "but if you want to knock anybody out, I will furnish a pugilist to accommodate you."

"I will box him," said Denny Costigan.

"You will?" said the Unknown.

"Yes," said Costigan.

"Well," said the Unknown, "I will box you."

The announcement created a great flutter, and Costigan and the Unknown stripped. After the pugilists had donned their fighting clothes, Madden asked the Unknown what his name was.

"I am Tommy Kelly," said the pugilist, "and I can whip anybody that looks like me."

Madden then announced to the audience that Mr. Tom Kelly had come here from parts unknown to knock us all out. Mr. Costigan had agreed to meet him and box according to "Police Gazette" rules. Both pugilists were ready, and time was called. "Now Costigan," said Madden, "look out for him and don't let him down you." The next minute Kelly and Costigan were hammering away at each other. Kelly was the taller, and by far, heavier man. Costigan says he was a regular slugger, but could not hit straight, stop or counter. Costigan had all he could do to stop the terrific blows that Kelly tried to land. The fighting was desperate for the first round, but in the second round Costigan, who had waited until his opponent had tired, forced the fighting. In a few minutes Kelly was bleeding like a stuck pig, and by a tremendous left-hand blow on the jaw, Costigan knocked him out. He lay like a log on the stage and was unable to fight any longer. His face resembled a butcher's block, and he was thoroughly convinced that he had made a failure in attempting to be a pugilist. The fight just lasted seven minutes and was a desperate one. The affair created quite a sensation, and Madden says Costigan will always be ready to tackle all such would-be fighters.

James McDevitt, the pugilist who keeps the "Police Gazette" Dive and sporting gallery, at 115 Bridge street, Bridesburg, Pa., is going to enlarge his place, and means to have plenty of sport. He says of his recent glove contest with Jack Edwards, of Kensington, on Jan. 25, that the fight was a put-up job, that he had to fight Edwards, his second and the referee. He claims he put Edwards to sleep three times, but the referee gave him plenty of time to come round, and that the referee helped to hold him up when Edwards was unable to stand. The result was McDevitt left the ring, and Edwards was declared the winner.

The *Chronicle*, San Francisco, Jan. 27, says:

"John L. Sullivan was introduced to the audience with Steve Taylor as his victim. The referee certainly must have regarded him as such, for he called time whenever Sullivan became warmed up, the rounds

lasting hardly half a minute. The wind-up was of so short duration and the audience were so much exasperated on seeing the referee interfere just at the most interesting moment, that a general hiss went up, a demonstration which did not please the Boston man. He took the grinning and hissing to be a personal affront, and, lowering his not over-high brow and folding his gloved hands across his chest, he stepped up to the ropes of the ring, and in a gruff voice said:

"Gentlemen, this hissing is all uncalled for. I am sparring in a friendly set-to with Mr. Taylor. I am not obliged to kill him. If the law allowed me to knock out somebody I would be willing to accommodate any or all of you. Them that hissed is a lot of loafers. I am speaking my feelings. I am a gentleman; they are loafers. If any tells me that he has hissed I give him a slap in the jaw."

THE SCHUYLKILL DEATH-TRAP.

An Accident that Brought Out the Heroism of a Philadelphia Boy.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A party of ten boys who were sledding on the Schuylkill river, on the evening of Feb. 3, fell through the ice at the Callowhill street bridge, Philadelphia, and all except one were rescued from drowning through the pluck and bravery of one of the party, John Hagan. Hagan is about nineteen years old, and lives on Callowhill street, near Twenty-sixth. He is the possessor of a large sled, which he took out on the river, and spent nearly the whole afternoon in sledding. About 5 o'clock he said he was going to take his sled home. His companions begged for just one more ride. Nine little fellows, whose ages ranged from about nine to twelve years, took seats on the coaster, and as many more seized the rope and were about to dart off when the ice suddenly broke under them and all were precipitated into the water.

Most of the boys were unable to swim, and disappeared below the water. Hagan is an accomplished swimmer, and at once set to work to rescue his companions. As fast as their heads would rise above the surface of the water, Hagan would seize them and throw them on the ice. It is said that seven lads were thrown from the water in this manner, and the others were rescued by other persons who ventured to the edge of the ice.

The cries of the frightened lads attracted to the scene thousands of persons who had been enjoying themselves on other parts of the river. The banks of the river and both decks of the Callowhill street bridge were crowded with people, who eagerly watched young Hagan. The crowd yelled and cheered him in his work, and praises were bestowed upon him from all directions.

At last Hagan was overcome, and as he was about to raise one of the unfortunate boys on the ice he fell back and sank beneath the water. Several men who had been watching him from different points on the ice rushed forward, and by means of planks and boards succeeded in pulling him from the river. When raised from the water he had a lad under each arm, and the unconscious form of a third boy was clinging around his neck. All of the party were quickly revived by the use of stimulants, and Hagan, who was completely prostrated, was taken home. One of the unfortunate boys, John Donlin, aged twelve years, was caught under the ice and drowned.

When Hagan was pulled from the water the excited crowd gathered on the banks gave a prolonged cheer. When he regained consciousness the people on the bridge showered him with coin of all denomination. It is proposed by some of the parents of the rescued children to raise a purse for him.

LEAP YEAR TRANSFORMATIONS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A novel leap-year ball took place on Feb. 4, at the residence of Mrs. Thomas McKean, northeast corner of Twentieth and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, and was a most amusing and laugh-provoking affair throughout. Mrs. McKean's guests numbered about 100, and, as was requested, all the ladies appeared attired in masculine coats, skirts and collars, most of them adopting very handsome costumes made of velvet and lace. Some few, however, wore the more trying and severe-looking full-dress coats and waistcoats of black cloth that constitute the "full dress" of the modern society man, and even carried the change so far as to wear opera hats and bob-hairs. All wore skirts, however, and the masculine part of their apparel did not extend below the waist.

Some few of the younger gentlemen appeared dressed as young ladies, carrying bouquets and fans, and many wore sashes about their waists and bunches of roses pinned at their waists or on their manly bosoms, after the fashion of the young ladies of the present day. The affair was a great success, and so much genuine fun was the result of the reversing of the usual customs, that it is not improbable that leap-year parties will be very popular during the remainder of the season.

A WOOD-CHOPPER'S DUEL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

John Bradford was chopped to death by an ax in the hands of a fellow-workman, Jesse McCarty, at Omaha, Neb., on Jan. 23. The particulars are told by Mr. Cain, a fellow-laborer. Cain and McCarty had cut down an oak tree which Bradford claimed he had reserved for his own use. As the tree fell Bradford demanded that they cease work, which they refused to do. Bradford then became enraged and rushed at McCarty, who was engaged in trimming the fallen tree. Bradford had a large maul in his hands, and as he advanced toward McCarty he raised it as if to strike. McCarty drew back his ax and warned him not to advance, but he paid no attention to the warning and rushed madly at McCarty. Just as Bradford was in readiness to strike McCarty, the ax which McCarty held was brought down upon Bradford's neck, inflicting a mortal wound. The jugular vein was severed, and Bradford was nearly decapitated by the blow.

The man did not speak, but turned and started in the direction of Buckley's house, followed by McCarty, still brandishing the ax. He walked twelve or fifteen yards, when he stopped and looked back at his murderer, raised his hands in a pitiful manner, and fell to the ground a corpse.

McCarty at once hastened to Papillon and gave himself up to Sheriff Spearman, who, in the absence of the coroner, went to the scene of the murder and took charge of the remains, and after impaneling a jury, proceeded to hold an inquest.

A GREAT LIFE ENDED.

Death of Wendell Phillips, the Silver-Tongued Advocate of Right.

[With Portrait.]

On the evening of Feb. 2 Wendell Phillips, the pure philanthropist and matchless orator, died peacefully at his Boston home, surrounded by sorrowing friends and relatives. Probably the death of no one man in America could have caused such wide-spread sorrow among the lowly and cultured. His life was one of unselfish devotion to what he considered the right. He espoused the cause of the down-trodden slave, when to do so meant ostracism from all the paths of social and political preferment so dear to young men that start in life as Wendell Phillips did, with all the advantages of social standing, wealth, culture and talents. He cast his lot with the minority, and, although he lived to see the accomplishment of his cherished scheme of total emancipation for the slave, the great part of his life was one of struggle against prejudice and misrepresentation. But not alone were his efforts of value to the colored man. He knew no distinction of race, color or creed, and wherever right needed a champion he was the foremost in the fight.

He was born in Boston on Nov. 29, 1811, his father, John Phillips, having been the first Mayor of the city. He attended Harvard College, from which he graduated in 1831. Two years later he graduated from the law school of the college and a year afterward was admitted to the bar. In 1836 he became a Garrison Abolitionist and was an ardent upholder of the principles held and advocated by Mr. Garrison. In October, 1835, when Mr. Garrison was mobbed while attempting to deliver an address at a meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society of Boston, and on which occasion he received such rough treatment that he was partly denuded of his clothing and was placed in jail by the Mayor in order to save his life, Mr. Phillips warmly espoused his cause. They then became fast friends, and in all of Mr. Garrison's efforts to abolish slavery Mr. Phillips was his ardent supporter. He continued to support the cause of abolition until the accomplishment of this purpose at the end of the civil war.

As an orator he first became distinguished in 1837. In December of that year at a meeting in Faneuil Hall, called to consider the murder of the Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, at Alton, Ill., he thrilled his audience by his fiery eloquence. In 1863 and 1864 he advocated the arming, educating and enfranchising of freedmen, and for the two latter purposes procured the continuance of the Anti-Slavery Society until after the adoption of the fifteenth amendment in 1869. He was a warm advocate of temperance and was the Labor Reform and Temperance candidate for Governor of Massachusetts in 1870, but was defeated, although he received nearly 20,000 votes.

At a meeting in Faneuil Hall in 1875, called to denounce President Grant's Louisiana policy, Mr. Phillips appeared and made a powerful speech in favor of the policy. He was opposed to capital punishment, was foremost in the ranks of advocates for prison reform and the prohibitory liquor law, and strongly upheld woman suffrage.

It was probably as a lecturer that he was best known. He had delivered lectures in most of the Northern States, his more notable subjects being "The Lost Arts" and "Toussaint L'Ouverture," and his funeral eulogues on Theodore Parker and John Brown attracted universal notice. His speeches were never published complete, although several of them have been issued in pamphlet form and have been widely circulated in this country and in England. Partial collections were published in Boston in 1864 and 1869, and his other writings are scattered through numerous periodicals and newspapers.

THE RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

He Goes Astray and Meets with an Accident Which Terminates His Usefulness.

The following appeared in the Bill Board department of the *Week's Digest* for Feb. 9:

"Looking through the POLICE GAZETTE the other day I was astonished to find in the issue numbered 333 a decidedly unseemly skit at that thorough gentleman and popular preacher, Dr. Deems. The doctor, like all men of his kind, has plenty of enemies, but he is the most energetic and consistent Christian I know, and one whose good works speak for themselves. Though the sketch in question was probably actuated by pure fun, it was in fearfully bad taste, and I called Mr. Fox's attention to it. He was amazed to read it. It had been printed during his absence, having been written as a portion of the weekly work of a contributor employed to fill that department. It strikes me a contributor who takes such liberties with his position ought to be minus the position without delay. However, Dr. Deems is a philosopher, and I suppose if he ever happens to run across the liberty which has been taken with his name it will be to smile contemptuously at it. It makes me more indignant than it probably will him."

The post mortem resulted in the verdict that the Religious Editor had died of decapitation, and exonerated Richard K. Fox from all blame, on the ground that the homicide was justifiable. The funeral of the deceased came off on Friday last from Scully's morgue.

RUM'S DEADLY WORK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A horrible murder was perpetrated at midnight on Feb. 5 in the house of Charles Twitchell, on North avenue, Bridgeport, Conn., the victim being Mrs. Mary N. Lewis, of Trumbull, aged fifty-five years. It seems three men were drinking in a saloon with Twitchell, and about midnight accompanied him to his home. He was thrown on to a bed intoxicated, and the party attempted to enter the room occupied by Mrs. Lewis, who was boarding with Twitchell, and who was a dressmaker. She came out and turned upon her assailants. She was armed with a rifle, which she snapped at them twice. Bishop, one of the gang, seized the gun and pointed it at her and discharged the entire contents into the side of her head, the powder burning off her hair and the shot cutting away a portion of the face and jaw. Her blood was spattered over the room, and as she dropped dead the party fled. Twitchell was so intoxicated he did not know of the murder, and upon his wife's inquiry where Mrs. Lewis was in the morning he did not know that she was lying dead within a few feet of him. The three men, John Bishop, James Blake and George Butler, proceeded to a drinking saloon and remained there till the morning, when officers arrested them. They claimed that the shooting was unintentional, and that they intended surrendering themselves.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

Romantic History of a Detroit Washer-Woman.

She Refuses to Share the Fortune of Her Father, who Deserted Her in Her Childhood.

There is now living on Farmer street, Detroit, a woman close upon sixty years of age, whose early life, and it may be later years, would afford the writer of fiction a fruitful theme upon which to build a startling romance. Something like sixty years ago there resided in a log-cabin in the woods, near what is now the prosperous town of Grimsby, in Canada, a man and his wife named Downs. Like most of the settlers in that part in those days, he possessed but little save his clearing and sufficient stuff to carry him from fall to harvest. His only family consisted of a daughter, a bright handsome girl of fourteen, who aided him and her mother in the laborious duties of the little farm. One evening late in the fall, as was her custom, she went into the wood near the dwelling to bring home the cows, when she was forcibly carried away by a young son of a neighboring farmer. That this act was premeditated on his part, there is little doubt, as he was already provided with a horse and some provisions. The resistance of the helpless girl was futile, and for several days and nights they traveled through the woods until they came to the American border, near what is now the City of Toledo. Here he halted, and on a piece of desolate land known as the Hoe, in the Maumee river, he established what he was pleased to call his home; and it was here, in a rude log-cabin without windows, that the subject of this sketch first saw the light.

Having torn the poor girl from her home and carried her to this desolate place, he assumed toward her all the relations of a husband without the preliminaries of a marriage, and a few months after her arrival at the Hoe she became the mother of a baby girl. Whatever sentiment of love the brute of a man felt for the poor defenseless girl at the time of her abduction, he began to neglect her, leaving her for days at a time alone with scarcely enough food to eat. Daylight was the only time she dare indulge in slumber, for at night she was engaged in keeping a fire burning in the doorway of the cabin to prevent the wolves from devouring her and her helpless babe. In the meantime her parents, having searched the woods for weeks for some traces of their loved one, gave up all hopes of ever seeing her again, concluding that she had been devoured by bears or wolves that infested the woods in those early days. At that date there resided in the neighborhood of Grimsby a tribe of Indians who annually went to Fort Niagara for the purpose of receiving from the British Government their supplies. A party of these Indians going by way of Toledo were accosted by the captive girl, who could speak their language, and to them she related the narrative of her sufferings and begged of them that they would on their return find out her parents and induce them to effect her rescue. This the Indians promised to do, and the sequel proves that they kept their words, for some six weeks later her father, accompanied by four Indians, whom he employed as guides, found her in her wretched abode, and, together with her little one, took her back in joy to the little cabin in the woods near Grimsby.

The shock to the poor girl's nervous system proved too much for her, and at the age of twenty-five she died, leaving her little daughter to the care of its grandmother, who is now living in the town of Grimsby.

Nothing was heard of the man for many years, and it was supposed he was dead, when a few months ago he turned up in Detroit, and after a diligent search found his daughter and convinced her of the genuineness of his claim, at the same time desiring her to recognize him as her father; but she, still remembering the wrongs suffered by her girl-mother, drove him from her door.

It appears that upon the discovery of his loss he went to California and there accumulated a fortune. Returning, he offered to share it with his child, but as before stated she refused to recognize him, preferring to support herself by washing and ironing.

FRANK WHITE.

[With Portrait.]

Frank White was born in New York city, Aug. 14, 1857. He is by trade a machinist and engineer. His first ring encounter was with Jack Leonard, in the fall of 1875, for a purse of \$100, in a room in this city. Hard gloves were used, White scoring a victory in 55 minutes. Three months later White again fought Leonard with the bare hands. The mill took place at Weehawken, N. J., \$100 a side being staked on the result, White being victorious after a stubborn battle lasting 41 minutes. In the spring of 1876 White defeated Burt Glave, at Shadyside, N. J., for a stake of \$300, nine rounds being fought, in 22 minutes. White was then idle in fistie matters until January, 1879, when he was matched to fight Pete McCarthy, a powerful young blacksmith, who, his friends thought, would bore holes through Frank, as McCarthy was known to be a powerful hitter and would weigh twenty pounds heavier on the day of the fight. The stakes were \$50. White, in this encounter, surprised even his most sanguine friends, proving himself a fighter of more than ordinary merit. After a hurricane battle, lasting 16 minutes, McCarthy's friends threw up the sponge, and White was declared winner. In April, 1879, Harry Hill offered to match Jimmy Kelly to fight Billy Edwards for \$1,000 a side and the light-weight championship. Edwards replied that he had retired from the ring, but that he would match a man against Kelly at catch weight who would weigh twenty-five pounds less than Kelly would weigh the day they would enter the ring. After much wrangling a match was made, and Frank White was named. The mill took place May 16, 1879, at an old-time rendezvous of sport in the city. The fight was desperate from the first call of time, and never was a gamer battle fought, or one that gave more satisfaction to the on-lookers. In the sixteenth round Frank, by the advice of his seconds, Arthur Chambers and Billy Edwards, forced the fighting, and by a well-directed blow on Kelly's jugular vein stretched him stiff and insensible at his feet. The time of the fight was 1 hour and 16 minutes. Kelly was escorted by Mickey Courn and Dooney Harris, with Harry Hill for umpire. The day after the battle White, in company with Harry Edwards, was a passenger on the ferry-boat Clinton of the Wall street ferry. When near mid-stream the cry of "Woman overboard!"

startled all hands. The passengers seemed panic-stricken and crowded against the guard rails, but no one attempted a rescue, and the woman was sinking for the third time when Frank White pushed his way from the cabin and sprang lightly over the guard rail and plunged into the chilled current. He was gone so long that all thought him lost, but when he reappeared, bearing the inanimate body on his arm, he was greeted with round after round of applause for saving this life. A celebrated physician on Brooklyn Heights wanted him to apply for a medal to the Humane Society, but he said he wanted no medal; to know he had saved a human life was reward enough. This was the third life he had saved from drowning. Nov. 20, 1879, White again fought Kelly for a purse of \$500, the fight lasting 2 hours and 40 minutes, during which fifty-eight desperate rounds had been fought, and the fight was given against White on a claim of an alleged foul. Two hours previous to entering the ring with Kelly White engaged in a glove contest of eight rounds with Jerry Murphy, lasting 30 minutes. White's friends claimed he had been robbed out of the fight with Kelly, and the day after the mill White's friends posted \$50 at the office of the GAZETTE for a fresh match, but Kelly would not fight. Frank then left the money up to fight Pat McCauland (Young English) or Jerry Murphy, but they did not reply. He then went to Providence and posted \$100 in the hands of a prominent journalist and challenged Denny Costigan, Jack Conboy, George Lewis, Bennie Greene, Jimmy Murray, or any light or middle weight in R. L. Greene accepted and a match was made to fight June 3, 1880, but fell through by White breaking one of the small bones of his hand on the back of George Lewis' head, at the Theatre Comique, Providence, in a glove contest, and the match with Greene was indefinitely postponed. Jan. 31, 1880, White again defeated Pete McCarthy for a purse of \$500, in 7 rounds, 28 minutes. White was now thought invincible, and sporting men looked earnestly about for some one to best him, and at last Barney Aaron sent to Toronto for George Fullames, the light-weight champion of Canada. The battle was for \$1,000, and took place April 19, 1881. Fullames had 24 pounds the advantage in weight when they stepped in the ring. After mulling 40 minutes the friends of Fullames took possession of the ring and attempted to bulldoze Frank from fighting any more, but Frank's second, Owey Geoghegan, jumped in to see fair play, and as it looked like a riot the battle was declared a draw. White repeatedly tried to get on a new match, but all his attempts were abortive. A wealthy sporting man then went to Wallis, England, for George Holden (christened the Little Tom Sayers, of England), and on his arrival a match was made at the office of the POLICE GAZETTE for \$5,000 and the feather-weight championship of the world. Long Point, Canada, was the place selected for the mill, but owing to magisterial interference the base was changed, and Conneaut, Ohio was pitched on as the milling-ground. The men met, and the ring was pitched in a wheat-field. Nov. 16, 1881, just over the Pennsylvania State line. Both men were in excellent condition, and a stubborn battle was looked for. John L. Sullivan was to have seconded White, but could not leave Buffalo that night. The men were getting down to their work in splendid shape, when in the fifth round the Sheriff and a posse of deputies attempted to arrest both principals. The ring was invaded and White and Holden escaped over the State line into Pennsylvania, but were arrested together in Erie, Pa., that night and brought back to Ohio and locked up in the county jail at Jefferson. After being confined three months they were released on payment of \$462 each. On returning to New York city an attempt was made to make another match, but nothing came of it except a half-hour set-to at the Cribb Club, Boston. Holden returned to England with Tug Wilson after his set-to with Sullivan. White has since challenged Fullames, and a match was made for a purse, but at the last moment Fullames refused to fight, averring that the purse was not large enough. White then challenged Prof. Frazier, of Harvard College (where he teaches boxing), or Marcellus Baker, of Boston, but all they wanted was newspaper talk. White wrote: "Whenever you get ready to fight send me twenty-four hours notice, and I will be on hand." Then he challenged Jimmy Murray, but Murray would not fight, and his backer abandoned him. About a month ago a friend of Murray's put up \$500 against \$500 of Billy McGlory's money, he to get Murray to fight off-hand White, Jack Keenan, John Files, and a number of sporting men waited, but word came back Murray would not fight as he was sick, and White was very much chagrined over the result. Frank White and Tom Kearns are to open, when completed, the premises 283 Bowery, as a monster first-class sporting house, to be known as the Champions' Rest. Sparring and wrestling will be the feature, and plenty of it from the best talent. Their place will certainly be the sporting headquarters of America.

A TRAMP WINS AN HEIRESS.

Rapid Courtship and Flight from a West Virginia Town.

Nellie Hazlette is one of the prettiest young ladies of Moundsville, W. Va., a thriving little town twenty miles down the river. Possessing a pretty face and winning ways, and being an orphan with a neat sum in her own right, she has been much sought after by the young men of the town, but until a short time since she persistently turned a deaf ear to the whisperings of Cupid. Some three months ago her uncle, a leading lawyer, with whom she lives, and who is her legal guardian, employed a tramp, who applied to him for work, as a man of odd jobs. The tramp was young, good-looking, and, though when first employed ragged and dirty, well-educated. As time passed on it became evident to the watchful uncle that his charming niece was looking with entirely too much favor upon the ex tramp. Reports of stolen interviews confirmed his suspicions. A stormy scene ensued. The young man sought a new employer, and the uncle congratulated himself that the danger was passed.

One day last week Miss Nellie suddenly disappeared, and nothing could be learned of her whereabouts. A search revealed the fact that her tramp suitor was also missing.

Telegrams to various points failed to stop the fugitives, and subsequently the uncle received word that the young couple had been married at Barnesville, Ohio, and were passing their honeymoon there. It is expected that there will be music in the air when the young couple return to Moundsville, but as the bride is of age her guardian cannot resort to harsh measures, and will, without a doubt, gracefully submit to the inevitable.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A GREAT OFFER!

THE BROOME-HANNAN PRIZE FIGHT, A SPLENDID LARGE ENGRAVING,

MAGNIFICENTLY COLORED,

Will be Sent Anywhere with the Key on Receipt of 50 Cents.

RICHARD K. FOX.

Police Gazette Publishing House, Franklin Square, N. Y.

Beware of imitations. The only papers published by Richard K. Fox are the POLICE GAZETTE and ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS. See that you get them.

X. X. W. B.—No.
T. W.—G. B. Barton's weight is 210 lbs. Tom Langtry weighs 248 lbs.

M. R. Wmz, Augusta, Me.—A letter addressed to this office will find him.

A. B., New York city.—If he competes for money, he ceases to be an amateur.

P. B., Rutland, Vt.—Tom Sayers won first knock-down when he fought Harry Foulson.

IGNOMINIOUS, Detroit.—You are out \$2, the day you lost, and the amount of your board.

M. S., Macon, Ga.—You are mistaken; Jem Mace never fought Mike McCoole. A win.

STEADY READER, New Haven, Conn.—The publication you name is issued from Boston, Mass.

D. M., Peekskill, N. Y.—Johnny Broome beat Jack Hannan in 47 rounds, 49m, Jan. 26, 1881.

G. M., Leadville, Col.—Gen. Scott became Commander-in-Chief of the American army in 1841.

R. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gen. Hancock was within 10 miles of Richmond, Va., Aug. 13, 1864.

J. M., Troy, N. Y.—A can rob at his own option, he turning up King and holding ace. A win.

W. G., Jackson, Mass.—President Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation Sept. 22, 1862.

G. S., Olean, N. Y.—James Hamill, the ex-champion oarsman, died Jan. 10, 1876, at Pittsburgh, Pa.

D. S., Rochester, N. Y.—Duncan C. Ross' records for weight-lifting and hammer-throwing are the best.

J. E. Lyons, N. Y.—Tom Hyer weighed 182½ lbs when he fought Yankee Sullivan; the latter weighed 155 lbs.

N. McC., Tombstone, Arizona.—Mr. Isaacs, of your city, can give you all information with reference to medal.

G. W., Chicago, Ill.—George Slosson run 398 in his billiard match at Paris, which is the largest run he ever made.

D. B., Holyoke, Mass.—I. Tom Sayers was born at Pimlico, London, England, May 15, 1826. He died Nov. 8, 1885.

HARTFORD READER.—Mme. Fanny Jansauschek was born in Prague, Bohemia, July 20, 1832. She is probably a Catholic.

L. R., Carlton, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan only fought once in the prize ring, viz.: with Paddy Ryan, at Mississippi city, on Feb. 7, 1882.

M. M., Albany, N. Y.—It is according to the length and width of a hall or track. 2. Madison Square Garden is 8 laps to a mile.

R. S., Trenton, N. J.—The steamer Kingdom sailed from New York, April 17, 1869, with 80 on board, and was never heard from.

H. H., New Orleans, La.—The League Baseball Association schedule for this season will consist of 16 games between each two clubs.

M. W., Austin, Texas.—Harry Allen fought a draw with Jack Rooke for £20 a side, on Feb. 5, 1867, at Gray Riggs, Westmore, England.

A. B. C., Potsville, Pa.—Owen Swift was born Feb. 14, 1814, and he entered the prize ring on April 4, 1829, when he defeated Tom McKeever.

B. B., Toronto, Canada.—The time made by Eclipse in the great four-mile heat race with Sir Henry was: First heat 7, second 7:49, third 8:24.

A. B., Boston, Mass.—John M. Cannon, the athlete's best lift with hand, is 1,250 lbs. He accomplished the feat at Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 16, 1873.

R. W., Bordentown, N. J.—Nick Murphy's score in the O'Leary belt race, at Madison Square Garden, N. Y., Oct. 6 to 11, 1877, was 505 miles, 220 yards.

G. M., St. Louis, Mo.—Burnt cork made into paste with water, rubbed on with the hands, is the best method for blacking the face for minstrel purposes.

Wm. E. L., Charlotte, N. Y.—The fastest one mile on record for fair heel-and-toe walking is 6m 23s, made by Perkins, the ex-champion of England.

H. H., Akron, Ohio.—I. John L. Sullivan has a brother. 2. His Christian name is Michael. 3. Yes, Sullivan is the retired champion pugilist of America.

S. W., Cincinnati, Ohio.—A. H. Bogardus has broken 5,500 glass balls out of 5,854 shots, in 7m 28s. 2. He accomplished the feat in New York, Dec. 20, 1879.

G. M., Port Huron, Pa.—I. Wallace Ross never defeated Edward Hanlan in a match race. 2. Ross beat Hanlan at the Seckonk regatta, at Providence, R. I.

M. N., San Raphael, Cal.—The British merchant navy comprises 33,000 steam vessels and over 20,500 sailing vessels, representing a total tonnage of 10,170,357.

W. T. E., Dillon, Montana.—We are well aware that Con Orem claimed the middle-weight championship of America in 1863, and no one would fight him for that title.

L. L., Albany, N. Y.—I. Geo. Topley came to this country in 1868. 2. Yes; he was the champion of England at that time. 3. It was in France, April 10 to 14, 1880. 4. No.

G. G., Blue Earth, Minn.—I. John Clifford, of Leadville, Col., stands 6 ft and weighs 160 lbs. 2. No, he is not as well posted in the science of wrestling as Chas. Connors, of Rutland, Vt.

W. G. M., Baltimore, Md.—I. It was Nat Langham and not Jack Langan who fought Tom Sayers. 2. A. H. Bogardus killed 100 pigeons in succession on July 21, 1869, at Chicago, Ill.

W. M., Staten Island, N. Y.—He is now residing at Toronto, Canada. 2. The distance from New York to San Francisco, via Panama, is 4,700 miles. 3. No. 4. Five feet ten inches in height.

G. S., Washington, D. C.—H. Thatcher walked 22 miles in 2h 57m 45s, at Little Bridge grounds, London, England, Feb. 20, 1882, Thatcher beat Wm. Perkins' time for the same distance, 1m 7s.

W. R., Potsville, Pa.—Rule 20 of the London prize ring rules, does stipulate that the referee and umpires shall take their positions outside the ropes in front of the center stake, and B loses.

G. D. O. C., Chicago.—Edwin Booth is universally conceded a superior actor to Barry Sullivan. He is regarded as the most complete and polished Shakespearean actor in the English language.

E. Y. C., Toronto, Canada.—Judge Fullerton's time to wagon, 2:20½, made in California Nov. 21, 1874, was the best on record till Hopeful beat it in Chicago, Oct. 12, 1878, trotting in 2:16½, 2:17, 2:17.

A. C., Annapolis, Ind.—I. John Hughes, the pedestrian, was born at Roscrea, Ireland. 2. When he won the O'Leary International Belt, he covered 568 miles, 825 yards. 3. He rested 23h 50m and 9s.

C. C., Chicago, Ill.—Belcher beat Britton, G. Jones, Jack Bartholomew, Gamble, Bourke (three times) and a turn-up and Finley. Was beaten by Pearce and C. M. (twice), and fought a draw with Bartholomew.

M. S., Baltimore, Md.—I. It was Bob Coombes, the English champion oarsman, who died in a lunatic asylum. 2. Coombes won the English single-scull championship by beating Chas. Campbell, Aug. 19, 1846.

P. A. R., Rochester.—I. In a game of sixty, no matter whether you made twenty or not, if you failed to take in a trick and your opponent runs game, he makes three. 2. You must take in a trick before you can close the draw.

J. C., Perth Amboy, N. J.—The following are the salaries paid to the members of the Police Department: superintendent, \$5,000; inspectors, \$3,500; captains, \$2,000; sergeants, \$1,000; detective sergeants, \$1,000; ward detectives, \$1,200 per annum.

A. B. N., Kaukauna, Wis.—1. It is optional with the player and the club. 2. Walking 9 miles on a railroad track is no criterion to go by. 3. Cover the distance on a race-track, and have properly authenticated time-keepers, and then you can judge.

H. W., Portland, Me.—1. Sullivan and Ryan fought 9 rounds in 11m. 2. A round ends when a pugilist falls, is knocked down, or is thrown by his opponent. 3. Thirty second's rest is allowed before the pugilists are summoned to renew the battle.

J. T., Lancaster, Pa.—1. The fastest professional time for 440 yards, is 48¼s, made by R. Buttery, at Newcastle, England, Oct. 4, 1873. 2. The fastest half-mile running time is 1m 53¼s, made by Frank Hewitt, at Littleton, New Zealand, Sept. 21, 1871.

M. W. F., Kansas City.—E. P. Weston defeated Wm. Perkins, the English champion, when he first visited England. On Feb. 8 and 9, 1876, they walked a 24-hour race. Perkins stopped, beaten, after covering 65 miles. Weston covered 109 miles in the 24 hours.

S. H., Baltimore, Md.—1. Only 8 pacers have made a mile in 2:14 or better, up to Sept. 20, 1882. 2. Little Brown Jug's record is 2:13¼, Sleepy Tom's 2:12¼, Buffalo Girl's 2:12¼, Mattie Hunter's 2:12¼, Bay Billy's 2:13, Rowdy Boy's 2:13¼, Lucy's 2:14, Sorrel Dan's 2:14.

C. E., Jacksonville.—1. The artillery of the Turks, in the year 1655, surpassed any gunnery then known. 2. A stupendous piece of cannon was made by them, its bore being 12 palms, and the stone bullet weighing 600 lbs. It could not be loaded more than 7 times a day.

J. E., Greenacres.—1. Richard Fennell, of New York, now styled Alessandro, on Jan. 31, 1871, in New York, put up a dumb-bell weighing 20¼ lbs. 2. O'Leary has beaten Weston three times. 3. First at Chicago, second at London, Eng., and third at San Francisco.

J. M., Reading, Pa.—Morrissey's battle with Yankee Sullivan did not increase or even establish his reputation as a clever scientific boxer, although it undoubtedly proved him to possess unflinching gameness and ability to receive punishment in an extraordinary degree.

J. B., Trenton, N. J.—1. No. 2. The championship is in dispute. Both McMahon and Dufur claim the title. 3. The Chicago club are trying to secure Bert Newman, the Kaukauna, Wis., baseball player, to join their nine, but he refused to sign a contract for less than \$2,500.

TWO CONSTANT READERS, Lansing, Mich.—1. Joseph Acton, of Philadelphia, is the recognized champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler. 2. He won that title by defeating Edwin Bibby in a bona fide match for \$1,000, in which Arthur Chambers backed Acton and Richard K. Fox held the stakes.

S. S., High Point, N. C.—1. Michael Phelan came to America from Ireland in 1824. The great 2,000-point billiard-playing match for \$5,000 and the championship, between Phelan and John Scerleier, was played at Fireman's Hall, Detroit, Mich., April 12, 1859. 2. Phelan won by 98 points.

B. B., Brownsville, Texas.—1. Ten Brock's Priores, an American horse, won the Cesarewitch stakes in England, October, 1857. 2. Thirty-four horses started, and Queen Beas, El. Hakim and Priores ran a dead heat. The three ran off the dead heat (to use a racing phrase), and Priores won by one length and a half.

J. E. M., Kelley, N. M.—1. The second party is entitled to the game, first party failing to count sixty-six after turning down, consequently he forfeits all claim to the game. 2. Don't know his Christian name. 3. For glorious assault and attempt to kill a policeman. 4. Jonathan Smith and Jim, Australian Kelly.

G. M. W., Seymour, Ind.—1. The Great Eastern was launched January, 1858. She is 600 ft long with 85 ft beam. Ordinary tonnage 12,000. 2. No. 3. In the race between Hanlan and Courtney, at Lachine, Hanlan was first around the stake-boat, there being a length between them when they had straightened for the return.

S. M., Lockport, N. Y.—Aaron Jones was matched to fight Bill Perry (better known as the Tipton Slasher) on June 4, 1856. On March 20, however, Jones lacerated one of his thumbs by falling from a horse, and desired to postpone the day of fighting until July 4, 1856. Perry refused, and Jones forfeited the \$250 posted.

J. J., Chester, Pa.—Walter Brown, when he held the title of champion oarsman of America, defeated Wm. Saddle, of Putney England, rowing 3 miles 713 yards, straightaway, on the river Tyne, England. Saddle did not finish, but floated 200 yards from the finish, when Brown was leading by 4 lengths. Brown's time was 21m 50s.

J. B. S. AND C. B. J., Boston, Mass.—John McCullough was born near Londonderry, Ireland, in 1837. History of his life is in "Great Artists of the American Stage," price 30 cents. Richard K. Fox, publisher. Mary Anderson was born in California in 1859. She is a Catholic. A sketch of her life will be published in the Week's Doings next week.

S. T., Rockland.—I. John McMahon, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, states that at the time that Wm. Farrell threw him in San Francisco, Cal., it was an exhibition match and that both wore harness. 2. McMahon defeated Wm. Farrell, at the Palace Amphitheatre, San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 17, 1875. McMahon wagered \$500 to \$400.

S. M., Rochester, N. Y.—1. The first steam-propelled vessel that crossed the Atlantic was American built, and called the Savannah. 2. She was 280 tons burden, and in 1819 sailed first to Savannah from New York, thence direct to Liverpool, where she arrived in eighteen days, seven of which she used steam. From Liverpool she proceeded to Copenhagen, and to St. Petersburg.

Wm. O., Washington, D. C.—Messages are received through the Atlantic cables in two ways; by the mirror-galvanometer and by the siphon recorder. The galvanometer is most used. Messages are received by this instrument by observing the movements of a spot of light reflected from a small mirror attached to the magnet of the galvanometer. Deflections on one side of zero represent dots; those on the other side, dashes. With the siphon recorder, a permanent record is made. This is effected by means of a bent glass tube, one end of which dips into a reservoir of ink, while the other is free to move over a strip of paper. The paper is moved in the direction of its length by suitable mechanism, and the light tube being attached to a coil which acts like a magnet, is moved to one side or other of the paper. Ink tracings are left on the paper by the shifting tube. Those on one side representing dots, those on the other, dashes.

A READER, Knoxville, Tenn.—I. Paddy Gill, of Coventry, England, weight 130 lbs, beat Foster, 57 rounds, 1h 12m, Feb. 22, 1842. Fought Hubbard Nov. 8, 1842, 25 rounds; police interfered. Beat Hubbard, 42 rounds, 1h 10m, Nov. 22, 1842. Beat Pritchard, 12 rounds, 30m, May 29, 1842. Beaten by Norley, 69 rounds, 1h 55m, Oct. 17, 1843. Beat Bethell, 58 rounds, 1h 22m, June 1, 1844. Beat Geo. Holden, 21 rounds, 33m, Oct. 20, 1844. Beat Young Reed, 59 rounds, 1h 23m, July 22, 1845. Was to have fought Norley Nov. 25, 1845, but was bound over to keep the peace for three months. Beat Norley, 160 rounds, 4h 7m, May 12, 1846. Beat Tommy Davies, 60 rounds, 2h 10m, May 25, 1847. Beat Tom Maley, 77 rounds, 2h 30m, Nov. 7, 1848. Forfeited to J. Welsh, Nov. 28, 1849, the stakes being awarded to Welsh, as Gill was not at the place agreed on at the appointed time. Beat Tom Griffiths, 53 rounds, 1h 45m, July 23, 1850; fatal to Griffiths. Tried and acquitted at Kingston Assizes for the manslaughter of Griffiths March 27, 1851. Beaten by McNulty, 17 rounds, 1h 4m, April 19, 1854. 2. We never heard of him.

M. B., Oakland, Cal.—1. The Astley belt was competed for 7 times. 2. The belt was founded by Sir John D. Astley, Bart., and its rules were as follows: "1. The winner has to defend his claim to the belt for 18 months, and should he wish to have it in his possession, he must give security to the appointed trustees, and undertake to restore it when called upon, in good condition. 2. In case of the belt being won by any person resident out of the United Kingdom, the trustees shall, if they think fit, demand the deposit of security to the value of £100, before permitting the trophy to be taken out of the country. 3. The holder of the belt is not called upon to compete in more than two matches within each current year, and in case of his winning the belt in three consecutive matches (or sweepstakes), it shall become his absolute property, providing that the whole of the said matches (or sweepstakes) have been bona fide in every respect. 4. The holder of the belt must accept all challenges (subject to the above conditions) for not less than £100 a side, and be prepared to defend his right to the same within 3 months from the issue of any challenge. 5. In the event of a match being made, anybody may join in by depositing £100 with the appointed stakeholder within 4 weeks previous to the day fixed for the commencement of the race; the winner to take the belt and the whole of the stakes; the gate receipts (after all expenses have been paid) to be distributed among the competitors as may be agreed upon beforehand, with the approval of the trustees. 6. The committee of the A. A. C. are the appointed trustees. The editor of the Sporting Life is nominated stakeholder for any match that may arise for the belt. 7. All appeals upon questions not provided for by these conditions shall be made to the trustees of the belt, whose decision shall in all cases be final, and subject to no appeal in a court of law or otherwise."

A Governor's Clemency.

Gov. Cleveland's clemency toward Donato Magoldo is approved by all who are conversant with the case. He was convicted in the courts of New York of the crime of murder in the second degree, and sentenced Feb. 23, 1880, to imprisonment for the term of his natural life.

In giving the reasons for the pardon the Governor says:

"Sentence was commuted to twenty-five years imprisonment from Feb. 21, 1883, for which the following reasons have been filed:

"This convict was convicted of murder in the second degree for a homicide, committed with a knife, on the 4th day of July, 1868.

"The testimony taken upon the trial, which I have carefully read, indisputably discloses the fact that the person killed crossed the street to the place where the convict was quietly standing and engaged in an altercation with him, the two being strangers to each other. A number of witnesses testified that the deceased was making threatening demonstrations toward the prisoner, which would seem to justify him in supposing that he was in danger of bodily injury at the time the fatal blow was struck, and about an equal number of witnesses gave evidence that the deceased had turned away and was leaving the prisoner when he was stabbed. The jury seemed to believe, as they had the right to do, the latter version of the occurrence.

"The convict is an Italian, and has a family in Italy. At the time of the homicide he had been in this country but a short time, and when he was entirely ignorant of our language.

"I have before me a certificate of the chief officer of the Italian municipality where he lived, to the effect that during his residence there he lived a blameless life; and on his trial evidence was given of his good character since he came to this country.

"A number of years ago the officers of the prison where he is confined joined in a petition for his release, stating that his conduct in prison had been most exemplary, and a report just received represents that his conduct continues to be satisfactory.

"A distinguished Judge of the Court of Appeals who, with a knowledge of the language of the convict and his Italian witnesses, heard these statements before the trial, and who has since read the evidence, asks for a pardon, and says that he is convinced 'that the case is a proper one in which to ask Executive clemency.' In 1881 the District Attorney of New York county, after an examination of the case, wrote: 'I venture to suggest, however, that the imprisonment which the defendant has already suffered is, under all the circumstances, sufficient punishment for his crime.'

"Previous applications for this man's pardon have been made to my predecessors and refused. It seems that in 1872, while such an application was pending, information was asked by the Governor of the Superintendent of Police in New York as to the character and antecedents of the prisoner. A report was made by a so-called detective to his chief, which was forwarded to the Executive, in which the following statement appears: 'As to the character of Donato Magoldo previous to the above offense, I have made an investigation, and find that he was known to the police as a very bad and dangerous man, and had been arrested for a similar offense previously. Capt. Kennedy, of the Sixth precinct, says he



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

MARIE JANSEN.

[Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.]

had known him for some years previous, and that he was a very bad and dangerous man, having been arrested for a felonious assault and battery some four or five months previous to the above offense, but for some reason he never was brought to trial.

"The above statement is now thoroughly impeached by the proof upon the trial, and an official certificate presented to me, duly authentic-

cated, from the native land of the convict, by which it appears that he left there with a passport for New York in March, 1867.

"This feature of the case is adverted to as demonstrating the injustice that may be done by the representations of police officers lacking in character and conscience.

"The crime of which the prisoner was convicted was committed with a weapon the

possession of which has prejudiced in my mind his application. I will not grant him the pardon he asks; but, in view of all the circumstances, I have determined to commute his sentence to imprisonment for twenty-five years, with the usual deduction for good behavior. If he continues to behave himself well, he will be entitled to his discharge on the 23d day of May, 1881."

An Avenger of Innocence.

August Greif, a young German, was arrested on Feb. 6 charged with making an assault upon the seven-year-old daughter of Mrs. Bucher, of Clyburne avenue. He was held to answer in the Criminal Court. Shortly after his commitment a quiet-looking young man entered the courtroom and asked to see him, saying he wished to give bail for him. When the prisoner was brought out in charge of an officer the young man drew a revolver and attempted to shoot him, but was prevented from doing so by the interference of an officer. He was arrested and charged with assault with intent to commit murder. He gave his name as William Bucher, and said that he had just read the account of Greif's attempt to outrage his child. He quickly conceived the plan above outlined, and only regretted that he had not killed the young scoundrel. For some months past Bucher has been living apart from his wife and children, and hence failed to learn of Greif's attempt until he read the account of the outrage in the newspapers.

Marie Jansen.

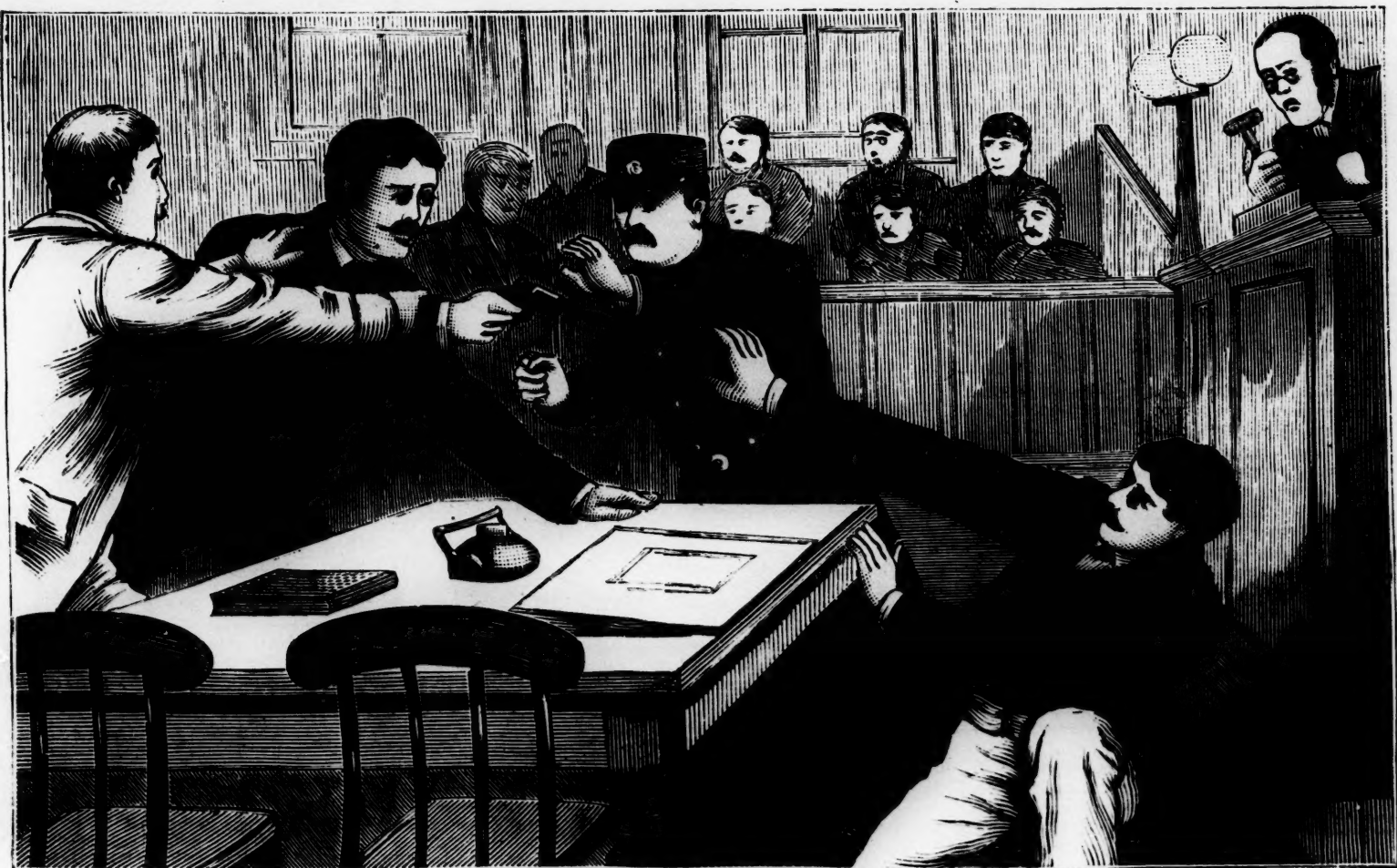
Marie Jansen is one of the charming actresses always sure of having their names put upon the bills in big type whenever they appear. That she is an attraction for herself alone can easily be seen by the excellent portrait we publish of her, but beauty is not her only merit. She has shape and talent.

Two Women Tarred and Feathered.

A company of forty or fifty citizens of the town, called at the Sweet Place, otherwise known as the Summit House, Alta, Iowa, recently. The Sweet woman and her two sisters in sin were seized, their garments removed, and after their persons had been smeared with tar, a coating of feathers was sprinkled over them. An attempt was made to get into the room of the other inmate of the place, a woman who was doing business on her own account, but the door was too securely fastened. The crowd contented itself with breaking in the windows of this woman's room with stones. The women will probably leave town.

Bonds Spirited Away.

Twenty thousand dollars of missing securities furnishes a genuine sensation for Augusta, Ga., and the search is attended with mystery and suspicion. On the death of Mrs. Fanny Smith, a very wealthy lady, her administrator failed to find nearly \$10,000 of Augusta City bonds, several thousands in bonds of Montgomery and West Point Railroad, Fort Royal Railroad, City of Rome, twenty shares Georgia Railroad stock and other securities, all about \$20,000, duly recorded. No signs of a robbery were evident and search warrants have been taken out by the administrator against certain suspected parties in the house. The affair creates great excitement.



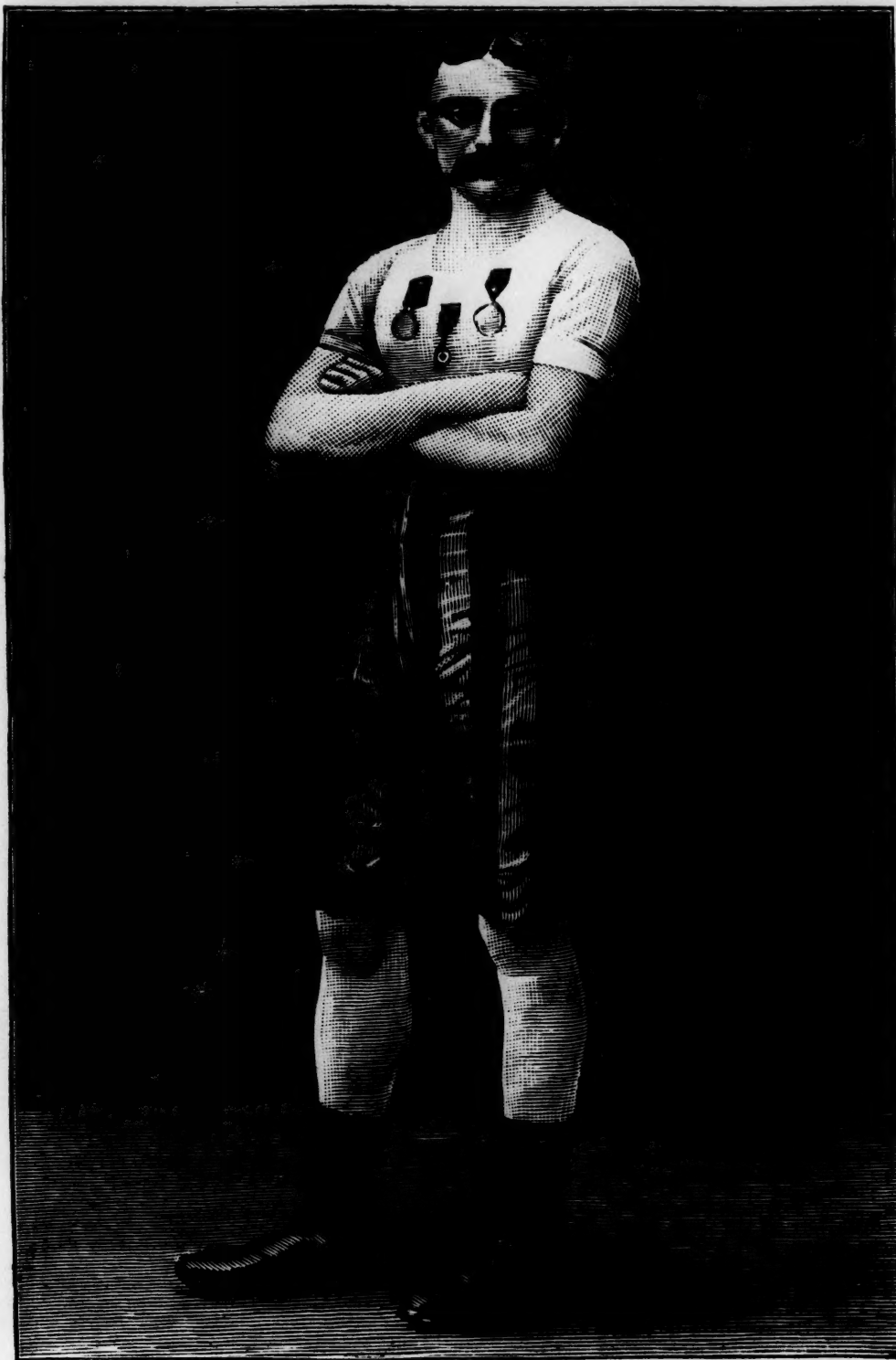
AN AVENGER OF INNOCENCE.

A YOUNG GERMAN TRIES TO SHOOT DOWN IN A COURT, AT CHICAGO, A VILLAIN WHO ATTEMPTED TO OUTRAGE HIS SEVEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER.

William Edwards.

We publish this week a full-length portrait of W. Edwards, the Australian champion long-distance walker, with a list of his performances to date. They are as follows:

William Edwards was born at Islington, London, is thirty-one years of age, stands 5 feet 7½ inches in height, and weighs 10 stone 2 pounds in condition. He made his first appearance as a professional pedestrian on the Caledonian Road Cricket Ground, Islington, March 20, 1867, when he beat T. Bird by 60 yards in 2 miles, for £10 a side. His next race was with E. Burns, by whom he was beaten, the distance being 4 miles. He was next matched to walk E. Howes, 4 miles, for £15 a side, whom he beat by 90 yards. On Good Friday, 1877, at Bow Running Grounds, took first prize (a silver cup) in a one-mile handicap. A month later, at the same grounds, won a four-mile handicap. He next walked third to G. Davidson and G. Stockwell at Hackneywick, at a benefit for the sufferers by the Clerkenwell explosion. Edwards shortly after went to New Zealand, and in Auckland, Jan. 1, 1870, at the Caledonian sports, won a two-mile handicap. The next race he was engaged in was with J. Spence, of the Thames, 3 miles, by whom Edwards was beaten (there being two feet of water on the course at the time of the race). A fortnight afterward he turned the tables on Spence by beating him by 70 yards in 4 miles, in the presence of 5,000 spectators. The day after won a two-mile handicap, starting from scratch. At Nelson, Sept. 15, 1871, won a two-mile handicap from scratch, beating J. Simpson (300 yards) and several others. On Nov. 9, at Nelson, won a gold medal (first prize) in a four-mile handicap, from scratch. At Wellington, won a two-mile handicap from scratch, beating M'Intosh and several others. At Wanganui, beat W. Trafford, Edwards walking 75 yards against Trafford running 100 yards. At Wellington, beat T. Leonard, 2 miles, Leonard receiving 100 yards start. On Aug. 12, 1873, beat M'Gregor, of Dunedin, 7 miles, by 260 yards, for £50 a side and the championship of New Zealand. In Wanganui, was beaten by a horse galloping 50 yards against his walking 35 yards. Edwards next beat W. Delaney, Edwards walking 7 miles against Delaney running 10 miles, for £25 a side. At Oamaru, July 10, 1875, gave M'Gregor 400 yards start in 7 miles, for £25 a side, and beat him by 60 yards. At Wellington, walked a match against Mrs. Wiltside, the celebrated New Zealand *pedestrienne*, giving her a mile start in 7, and beating her by 15 seconds. At Wellington, walked a dead heat with C. Bowley, of Christchurch, for £50 a side; distance, 7 miles. At Wellington, received a purse of sovereigns, and was accorded a benefit at the Theatre Royal, for walking 108 miles within 24 hours. At Sydney, in May, 1879, Edwards walked 113 miles 539 yards in 24 hours, and 181 miles 1,300 yards in 48 hours, for which splendid performance he was presented with an elegant silver belt, on the stage of the Queen's theatre, by the late R. Driver. Shortly after, beat J. W. Taylor, of Sydney, 48 hours, for £100 a side and the long-distance championship of Australia—Edwards 160 miles; Taylor, 157 miles. In November, 1879, won the Sydney international 48-hour go-as-you-please champion belt (nine competitors); distance, 153 miles. A month after, beat F. W.



WILLIAM EDWARDS.

THE AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION LONG-DISTANCE WALKER.

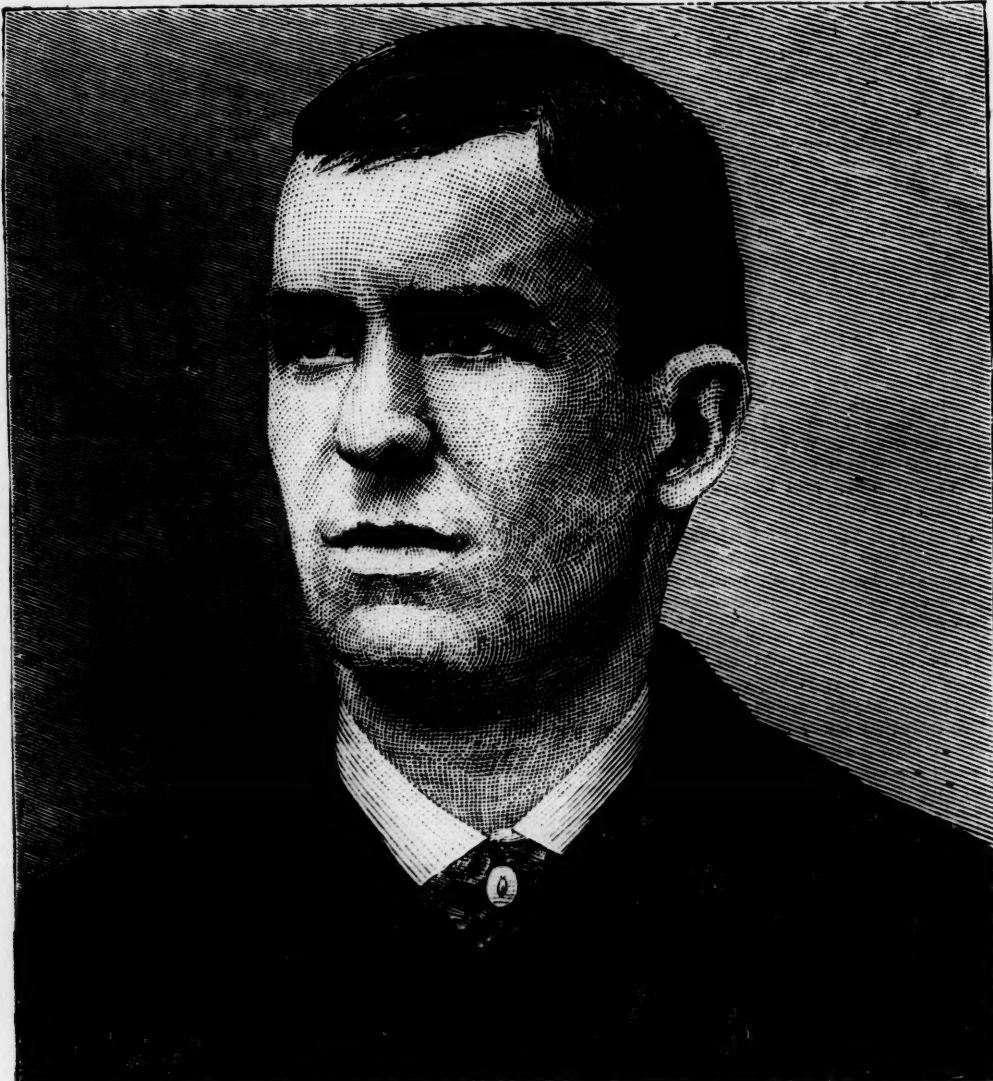
1879, Edwards was presented with a gold medal, for walking 50 miles in 9 hours 14 minutes. W. Baker was the next to try conclusions with the champion, they being matched to walk 48 hours, for £100 a side, Edwards scoring another win by 1 mile 1 lap; distance, 159 miles. Edwards next won Dr. L. L. Smith's 48-hour challenge belt and 50 guineas, beating Swan, Bird, and nine others; distance, 177 miles 11 laps. At Launceston, Tasmania, was presented with a gold medal for walking 120 miles in a little over 25 hours; and in Adelaide he won, with the greatest of ease, by 25 miles, the 48-hour go-as-you-please tournament, the first prize being £50; distance, 173 miles. April 18 to 23, 1881, he won a six-day go-as-you-please race—first prize, a magnificent gold and silver belt and £150—with a score of 451 miles 3 laps; Swan second, Harris third; 17 starters. At the Melbourne Hippodrome was beaten by W. Baker, by half a mile, in a 48-hour contest for £100; distance, 198 miles. In Launceston, Tasmania, took second prize in a 48-hour tournament, Swan winning; distance, 178 miles. At Sydney, in a six-day tournament, had again to be content with second money, £50. A month later was beaten by Swan in a 48-hour contest, £100; distance, 177 miles. At Sale, Gippsland, took first prize (£50) in a 48-hour tournament, beating Swan and several others. At Geelong, took third prize in a 48-hour contest, Clifford winning with a score of 215 miles. Three weeks after the last contest, at the Melbourne Pavilion, Edwards won the first prize (£100) in a six-day race, with a score of 432 miles; beating Swan, Baker, Clifford, and nine others. At Geelong he was matched to walk for six days and nights against the famous trotting horse, Conquering Hero, for £200; the quadruped being allowed to go at any gait, and being allowed a change of riders, and eventually winning by 7 miles. Immediately afterward, Edwards' backers matched him against J. Clifford, six days' and nights' go-as-you-please, for £200 and the championship. In this match Edwards eclipsed all his previous performances, by completing the extraordinary distance of 122 miles 450 yards in 24 hours, and 206 miles in 48 hours 17 minutes; Clifford finally retiring from the contest, being then a long way in the rear, and finding pursuit was hopeless. The next match Edwards was engaged in took place in the Exhibition Building, Sydney, against the world-renowned Daniel O'Leary—six-day heel-and-toe walk, for £200 a side—the colonial champion having another easy victory, O'Leary being entirely out of form, and only completing 350 miles. O'Leary, not being satisfied with his easy defeat, again challenged the champion; articles were signed, and £200 a side were posted in Mr. Frank Punch's hand. O'Leary trained at Botany, and both men started in the pink of condition; thousands of pounds changed hands over the match, and upward of 25,000 persons witnessed the contest during the week, when, after a desperate struggle, Edwards again proved his immense staying powers and thorough gameness by landing himself a winner by 7 miles, and completing 466 miles 2 laps, the greatest distance on colonial record.

THERE is no chance for reformation in a glazier, for he must have his glass before he can begin his day's work.



GEO. W. INGRAHAM,

THE CELEBRATED DRIVER OF THE STALLION, ROBERT M'GREGOR, RECORD 2:17 1-2.



FRANK WHITE,

THE WONDERFUL FEATHER-WEIGHT PUGILIST.

[Photo by John Wood.]

SPORTING NEWS.

A GREAT OFFER!

THE BROOME-HANNAN PRIZE FIGHT!

A SPLENDID LARGE ENGRAVING,

MAGNIFICENTLY COLORED,

Will be Sent Anywhere with the Key on Receipt of 50 Cents.

RICHARD K. FOX,

Police Gazette Publishing House, Franklin Square, N. Y.

Beware of imitations. The only papers published by Richard K. Fox are the POLICE GAZETTE and ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS. See that you get them.

ON Jan. 17, at the Pembroke Skating Rink, Liverpool, Weston completed the first half of his self-imposed task, viz., 2,500 miles.

THE glove contest at Boston between McCausland, better known as Young English, and J. J. Bagley, for a silver cup and a purse, was won by Young English.

JOHN HUGHES, the Dangerous Blacksmith, is still eagerly looking for a customer to fight him with or without gloves. All the pugilists appear to fight shy of him.

ON Feb. 2, at Bridesburg, Pa., there was an exciting cocking main between fowl owned by Lew Chambers and Wm. Talbert. Chambers won 3 out of the 5 battles fought.

BILLY MADDEN gives a grand boxing and wrestling tournament at Athletic Hall, 120 East Thirtieth street, New York, every night. He has a grand array of talent.

CAPT. JAMES C. DALY's challenge to fight Joe Pendergast has not yet been accepted, although Daly has posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox to prove that he means business.

J. F. JACKSON and Ed. Mankinson own the fighting dog Paddy, of this city, whom they want to match to fight at 16½ lbs. for \$1,000 a side. Messrs. Jackson and Mankinson mean business.

THE six-day go-as-you-please race at Madison Square Garden has been postponed, and the entrance fee limited to \$200, instead of the original \$500. The race will not take place until April. At the time of closing the entries only Rowell and Fitzgerald had entered.

CHAS. HADLEY and C. A. C. Smith had a four three-minute-round glove contest at East Saginaw, Mich., on Feb. 2. The fight was well contested, and in the second round Smith clinched, and when told to break, Hadley struck Smith. The referee decided the fight in Smith's favor.

AT Bridesburg, Pa., on the 27th ult., Andrew Nelson attempted to run 100 yards against Fred. Wengard running the same distance on skates. The race was decided on the Delaware river, and there was considerable speculation. Nelson ran in his stocking feet, and won easily by 5 yards.

ED. NIKIRK writes from Pittsburg, Pa., to the POLICE GAZETTE as follows:

Seeing that Wm. Steele is anxious for a race, allow me to make the following proposition to him: I will run him one half mile for \$250 to \$500 a side, providing he gives me 20 yards start. ED. NIKIRK.

THERE was a glove contest at Mike Coburn's 123 West Thirty-first street, on Feb. 4, between J. H. O'Donald, of Baltimore, and Patsy Sullivan of New York. There were three hard-contested rounds ending in a draw. Sullivan is preparing to meet any heavy-weight in the country.

ANDREW J. BRIGGS, of St. Louis, Mich., desires to return thanks, through the POLICE GAZETTE, to Marshal Fields, Edward Benner and Chas. Farm for courtesies extended to C. A. C. Smith, Prof. Chas. Hadley and himself, during the latter's boxing exhibition at that place on the 28th ult.

OUR San Francisco correspondent writes that Muldoon, Whistler and Bauer are scheming to arrange another wrestling match at San Francisco. Whistler should come East and tackle John Connors. What money the Kansas City wrestler could win if he went to Scranton, Pa., and was able to defeat Connors.

GEORGE W. LONG and Wm. D. Calderwood fought seven rounds, according to "Police Gazette" rules, at Kenyon's Hall, Michigan, on Feb. 2. The fight was well contested for five rounds, but Long hit so hard in the sixth round that he settled Calderwood, who refused to fight on time being called for the seventh round.

WM. McLAUGHLIN, of Boston, James Keenan, of Boston, Frank Stevenson and the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE return thanks to Patsy Hogan, J. K. Choate and J. W. Clark, of the "Police Gazette" Shades, for courtesies extended to them during their visit to the Bibby and Connors wrestling match, at Scranton, Pa., on Feb. 1.

J. LOUIS MALONE of Chicago, the new pool champion, who won every game he played in two tournaments, lasting four weeks—a feat excelling in honesty of purpose and in steady execution any heretofore heard of—halls from Cleveland, and, leaving home for Detroit, was, in the summer of 1879, a member of the Detroit Baseball Club.

IT is stated that D. W. Woodmansee and John Spian have been authorized by Commodore Klitsch to match the great pacer Johnson, who scored a record of 2:10 at Chicago last fall, thereby eclipsing all previous pacer records, against the almost equally celebrated pacer Richball, for \$1,000 a side, provided the dates, track, etc., can be agreed upon.

PATSY HOGAN, the leading sporting man of the Pacific Coast and boniface of the "Police Gazette" Shades, No. 1 Morton street, San Francisco, is doing a splendid business. Hogan's popular resort is the headquarters of all sporting men who visit San Francisco. He is also our correspondent, and should be recognized as such by the patrons of the POLICE GAZETTE.

JAMES MALIN, the well-known Philadelphia pugilist, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Feb. 5. He informed us that he was to be tendered a benefit at Arthur Chambers' Champions' Rest, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia. A host of talent have volunteered, and Malin, on that occasion, will give any pugilist in Philadelphia \$50 who will box him 4 rounds, "Police Gazette" rules.

WM. H. SNEARLEY, of Jefferson City, writes on behalf of D. J. Ross, the well-known pedestrian, recently sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in Michigan, for murder done in self-defense, to thank

Bill Richards, of St. Louis (who ran a dead heat in 4:17½ with Bill Lang), Charles Robert Lulard, Wm. R. Nally and others, for their kindness extended to Ross during his trial.

ERNST ROEBER, champion amateur Græco-Roman wrestler of New York, will compete in a wrestling match with Young Bibby on Monday evening, March 24, 1884, at Germania Assembly Rooms, Bowery, between Houston and First streets. Best two falls out of three. The trophy to be a \$50 gold medal. Roeber is the man who wrestled a draw with Harry M. Herber at Turn Hall last fall.

AT St. Louis, on Feb. 1, the 3,000-point billiard match between Eugene Carter and J. Catton ended in a victory for Catton. The latter made his third 1,000 points in eight innings, averaging 125, but the record was beaten by Schaefer in his match with Slosson. The score was: Catton, 3,000; Carter, 1,515. Catton's average for the three nights' play, 62 innings, was 48 12-31. Carter's average was 24 27-60.

THE Sullivan combination's visit to Butte, Montana, has revived pugilism through that territory, and several matches have been arranged. On Feb. 1 there was a hard-glove contest at the Olympic, in Butte, Montana, between Edward Rodda and J. A. McDonald, for the heavy-weight championship of Montana and a purse of \$125. It was won by Rodda after 70 rounds had been fought in 2h and 10m.

THE great cocking main recently arranged between Chappel, of Detroit, and Kearney, of New York, was fought near Troy on Jan. 31. Conditions: Each side to show 17, fight all that weighed in between 4 lbs 2 oz and 6 lbs, for \$100 a side each battle and \$1,000 the odd fight. Eleven weighed in, but only ten were fought. Detroit won 6 to Kearney's 4. The Detroit birds were the favorites. Kearney's birds were, it is claimed, poisoned.

AT North Huron, N. Y., the glass-ball shooting match, which began Nov. 19, 1883, and concluded Jan. 19, 1884, between Hiram Meeker, of North Huron, N. Y., and Jules Whiting, of Wolcott, N. Y., was won by the former scoring 100 straight to the latter's 94. The shoot was for a splendid Parker gun and the championship of the Northern Wayne Gun Club, which is considered one of the strongest shooting clubs in the country.

RECENTLY, the wrestling tournament under the management of T. F. Ryan, for a "Police Gazette" medal, valued at \$50, offered for the championship of Milford, Mass., for collar-and-elbow wrestlers, came off as advertised in Washington Hall, Milford, and was won by John Crahan, who defeated John Kirby in the final bout. Crahan is the rising boy of Milford, and the champion wrestler. T. F. Ryan was the referee.

THE attempt was made last year to induce college baseball nines to do away with professional trainers and to stop playing with professional teams. But Yale refused to stop playing with professional teams, and Harvard's was the only college team that did not play with professionals. This year the Yale team has made arrangements to play practice games with professional clubs during April. The Brown team has also arranged games with League and American clubs, and the Princeton team has done likewise.

AT Washington Park, Brooklyn, on Feb. 2, about 2,000 persons assembled to witness the attempt of Axel Paulsen, the Norway champion, to beat the best records ever made at fast skating, which he succeeded in doing with the utmost ease. He not only beat all the short-distance races, but beat the 25-mile record by nearly 27 minutes. The sporting men were carried away with his grand success, and pronounced him the wonder of the age. His average was a fraction less than 4 minutes to the mile, as he made the 25 miles in 1h 33m 23 2-5s.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following: L. Alanzopana, Wm. Baker, Wm. Boyd, Mr. Cawood, Chas. Courtney, Peter Duryen, Frank C. Dobson, C. Duncan, Chas. E. Eldred, Dick Garvin, Edward Hanlan, Alonzo Hiwanda, John Hickman, Franz Kurzener, Geo. W. Lee, Harry Monroe, W. Mantell, Wm. Muldoon (2), Arch. McCombs, Geo. W. Moore, Dan O'Leary, E. Pidgeon, Wallace Ross, June Rankin, Frank Rose, Mr. Sparks, John L. Sullivan, D. F. Twomey, Miss Minnie Vernon, Capt. M. Webb, John Williams (3), Walter Yager.

ON Jan. 5, James Chessworth, of Chadderton, and Richard Massey, of Dukinfield met at the Higginshaw Grounds, near Oldham, England, to decide their Lancashire wrestling match, the usual two-out-of-three back-falls, for \$125 a side, Chessworth being confined to 110 lbs and his opponent 113 lbs. The contest resulted in favor of Chessworth, he securing the first and third falls. None of the falls gave satisfaction, and Massey intends suing the stakeholder for the whole of the amount deposited, on account of Chessworth not coming up in time for the concluding bout.

IN the *Sporting Life*, London, Jem Mace denies that he declined to meet Sullivan. Mace says he posted \$1,000 to make a match with Sullivan, and the American would not cover his money. Mace is still willing to bet £1,000 that no man in the world can knock him out in 4 rounds, although he is fifty-two years of age. Sullivan did agree to box Mace and give him 50 per cent. of the receipts, which would have amounted to \$15,000. Mace refused to meet Sullivan, and further, he said he would not box Sullivan for half the money in the Bank of England. For reference we refer to Al. Smith, Sullivan's manager, who tried to influence Mace to meet Sullivan.

WILLIAM ENGLAND, age twenty-nine, laborer, of 84 Nelson street, Canning Town, Essex, was brought before Police Justice Balguy, on Jan. 17, on a warrant charged with being concerned as one of the principals in a prize fight in a barn at Lyme Farm, Eltham, on the 11th ult., for which offense the other principal, Goodson, and three other persons were taken into custody at the time. Application was made for the prisoner's release on bail, and Mr. Balguy, in remanding him, agreed to accept one surety in £50 for his appearance with the rest of the others charged. Mr. Perceval, coal merchant, of Canning Town, offered himself as bail, and was accepted.

ON Feb. 5, the glove encounter at Duncan C. Ross' sporting house, Cleveland, Ohio, between Jack Stewart and Duncan C. Ross' champion, Mervine A. Thompson, ended in 3 rounds, when Thompson knocked the Canadian champion out by a right-hand blow on "Sullivan's point," the neck. Stewart had trained for the affair, which was arranged several weeks ago, and he came to the scratch weighing nearly 200 lbs. Thompson is the noted wrestler and athlete who pulls against horses. He was defeated at Buffalo last summer by Baker, the pugilist. Ross offers to pit Thompson against any pugilist in America. He stands 5 ft 10½ in, is 45 in across the chest and weighs 225 lbs.

LAST year Harvard Baseball Club did the best field work of any college team, and the coming season about the same men will compose the team, and they will have more experience. Allen, of '86, will catch this year for Nichols. Winslow will be the regular change pitcher. Smith will play first base again.

Coolidge, who covered second base last year, thinks he will not play this year; if not, Lovering will be second baseman, and Beaman will play at third base. Baker will hold his old place at short-stop, and can be depended upon to play a steady game. Crocker will play right field most of the time. The other positions will be filled by Phillips, Bales, Tilden, Chamberlain, and several other players who are available if necessary. Le Moyne will be captain of the team this season.

THERE was a slashing dog fight decided at a well-known pit in this city on Sunday, Feb. 3, between Flash, a white dog, of Philadelphia, weighing 23 lbs., handled by Ed. Falle, and another dog weighing 21 lbs. of New York, a brindle, handled by Jack Stillman. The referee was James McCarthy, of Philadelphia. Flash was favored at the beginning and maintained the best of the fight for 45 minutes; then Ned, the other combatant, got the advantage, and retained it until they had fought 1h and 2m. Then it was Ned's turn to scratch, and he was ready. Flash would not cross over to Ned's corner, and after making three or four attempts to cross over, he ran away. The referee decided that Ned had won the battle, which lasted 1h and 49m. A large amount of money changed hands on the fight. There were about 100 persons present. The fight was for \$300 a side.

A PRIZE fight was arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Feb. 7, between Billy Dacey, of Greenpoint, and Jack Dempsey, of Brooklyn. On Jan. 31 Billy Dacey, of Greenpoint, issued the following challenge: "Hearing that John Dempsey claims the light-weight championship of Brooklyn, I am anxious to dispute his right to the title, and am prepared to make a match with Dempsey for from \$100 to \$200 a side, with hard or soft gloves, Marquis of Queensberry rules, to a finish: the fight to be decided in four weeks from signing articles of agreement. To prove I mean business, I have this day deposited in the hands of Richard K. Fox, a forfeit of \$25, and will meet Dempsey or his backer at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a match." On Feb. 7 Dempsey, with Harry Force, Frank Stevenson and T. McAlpine, covered Dacey's money, and the pugilists signed articles of agreement to fight, according to Queensberry rules, on March 6, for \$200.

THE following sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week: James Keenan, of Boston; Thomas Ray, Edw. Bibby, Chas. E. Davies, Tom McAlpine, Harry Force, Billy Dacey, John Dempsey, Luke Welsh, Frank White, Dick Hollywood, James Malin, John Dempsey, Frank Stevenson, Matsada Sorakichi, Japanese wrestler; Wm. McLaughlin, of Boston; Ned Mallahan, Mike Coburn, Bob Smith, Mike Haas, Ernest Roebor, Capt. James C. Daly, George Parshall, of Rochester; Young Nixey, L. S. Rogers, editor and proprietor of *Tablet*, of Three Falls, Mass.; J. M. Devine, Peter McCarthy, H. Wallace, Robert Hughes, Joe Fowler, Thomas Meagher, Donald Mullane, James Kendall, Tommy Henderson, Bob Smith, Thomas A. Lynch, Scranton, Pa.; Charles Wilson, Daniel Custy, John Black, Robert Murray, Funny Cooke, George Young.

DICK CARROLL, of Butte City, Montana, and John Holsinger, of Calico, wrestled at Los Angeles recently for \$500, Græco-Roman style. During the first round very little time was consumed in maneuvering, and in just 2 minutes Holsinger was thrown. The second round, which was quite interesting, was decided in favor of Holsinger. A dispute then arose between the audience and Rimplebach, but the referee referred to the rules and stood by his decision. Some one among the sports then shouted, "Put him out." The referee then became very indignant, and informed his hearers that if they wanted him out to come up and put him out. A glance at his robust form and square shoulders was enough to satisfy the dissatisfied parties, and the disturbance subsided. The betting then seemed to be in favor of Carroll, and the excitement became general. Two more rounds were held, which resulted in "scrambles." At the fifth and decisive round both parties took their places, and, although weary, appeared to be very determined. The struggle lasted more than ten minutes, and was quite severe. Holsinger finally succeeded in getting the advantage of Carroll, who, in trying to regain his position, used such force that he broke Holsinger's belt, with the result that it threw him heavily on his back, and Holsinger was declared the winner.

THE glove fight at Detroit, Mich., on Jan. 30, between Tommy McMahon and Marcellus Baker, was a tame affair. The pugilists boxed four rounds, "Police Gazette" rules. After four rounds had been fought, Don Ewers, the popular sporting man of Port Huron, Mich., ordered another round, but Baker called for a decision on the four rounds, and refused to fight another. Ewers then decided the set-to in favor of McMahon, and gave him the money. This was the first glove fight that has been seen in Detroit for a good many years, and the audience lingered in the hall and corridors for some time exchanging views. It was nearly the unanimous verdict that Baker, though "solenced," was a dufer of the first water, and that he ought to go back to Maine and not blow about being the only Yankee prize-fighter in the world. In regard to the affair Robert Wright, of Detroit, writes as follows:

DETROIT, Feb. 5, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

A large number of those who attended my recent exhibition at Merrill Hall were dissatisfied with the glove fight between Marcellus Baker and Thomas McMahon, and naturally blame me for the fiasco. I can only say that "the best laid schemes of men and mice all gang a-glee," and that all my efforts both before and during the contest were directed to make it a success. Baker came here under a guarantee of \$50 for expenses, and a purse of \$200 if he succeeded in knocking out McMahon. Baker did not make any attempt to fight, much less knock out his adversary. Except in one brief rally, he did nothing but the lightest sparring, acted continually on the defensive, and clinched McMahon at every possible opportunity to avoid punishment and make his work as easy as possible. This conduct, by an experienced pugilist in a contest with a person who had never before engaged in a glove fight, showed the rankest cowardice. McMahon did the best in his power, and acted very creditably. I promise my friends and the public that no such coward as Baker shall ever take part in any of my future exhibitions. ROBERT D. WRIGHT.

THE great wrestling match recently arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office, between Edwin Bibby, of Jersey City, formerly of Ashton-under-Lyne, Eng., and John Connors, of Scranton, Pa., formerly of Wigan, Eng., was decided at Providence, a suburb of Scranton, Pa., on Feb. 1. The match was *bona fide*, Thomas Ray, a well-known sporting man of New York, posting \$500 for Bibby, while Patrick Golden, of Scranton, deposited the same amount for Connors. The conditions were catch-as-catch-can, best two in three falls, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$1,000. Richard K. Fox was chosen final stakeholder, and selected the referee. Bibby went into training after the match was arranged, under the mentorship of Al. Hoefler, while Connors, it was reported, was trained by Joe Acton, the Little Demon, at Pastime Park, near Philadelphia.

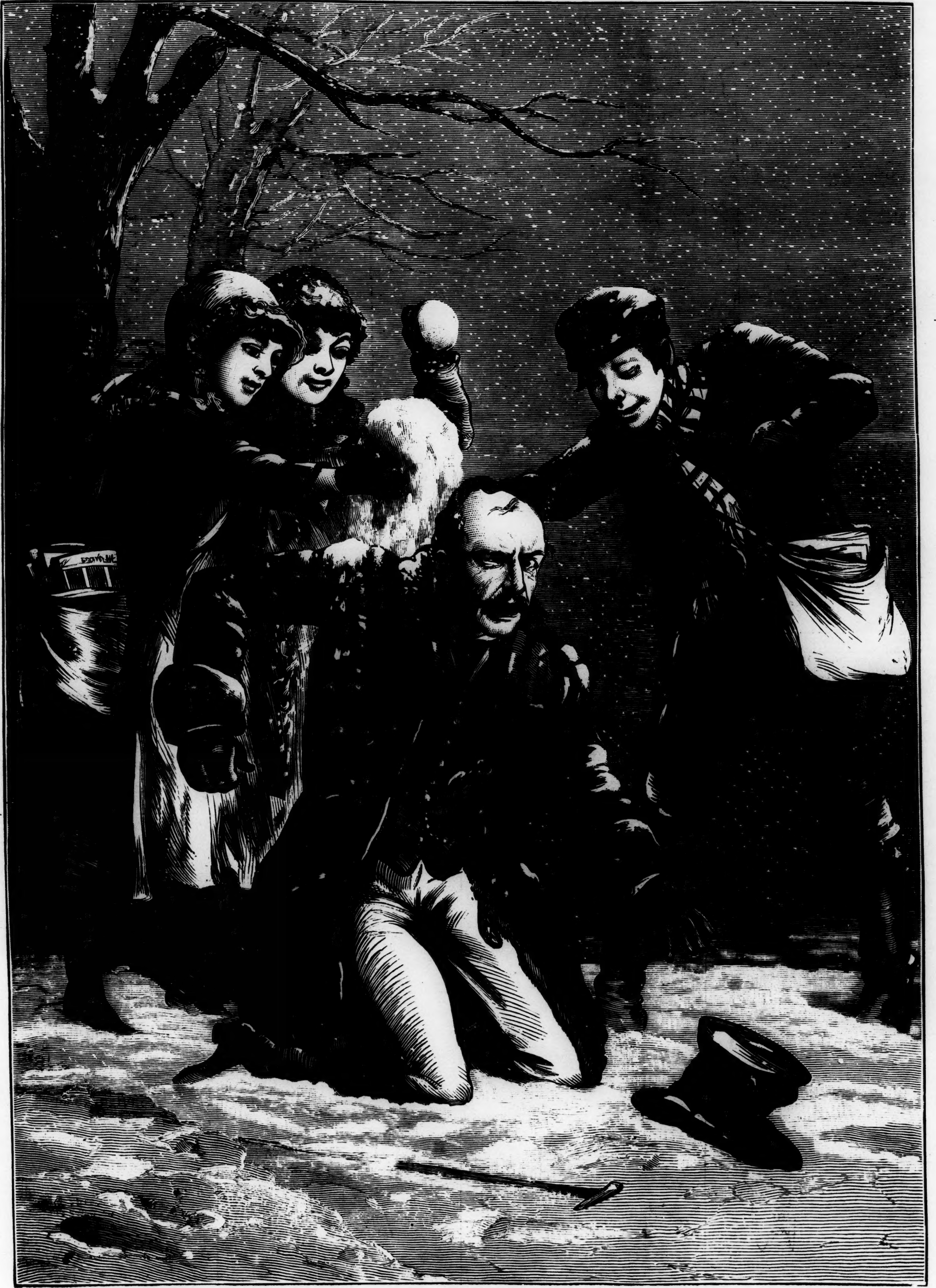
Considerable interest was manifested over the affair, and sporting men from all parts of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and the coal region, journeyed to Scranton to witness the contest. Bibby, accompanied by his backer and trainer, arrived at Scranton on the 29th ult., and made James W. Clark's "Police Gazette" Park Sporting House, 422 South Washington avenue, their headquarters. On the 31st ult., James Keenan, of Boston, Wm. McLaughlin, Frank Stevenson, Billy Ackerman, Johnny Burke, of New York, and a host of others, journeyed to Scranton to witness and speculate on the result of the match. As soon as it was known that Bibby's supporters and admirers had arrived, the miners who were backing Connors visited Clark's, and began vigorous betting. No odds were offered, but \$50, \$100 and \$200 bets were made until about \$2,000 had been invested. At 7 P. M. on the evening of the 1st, large crowds, surged into the hall. A ring was erected and on each side chairs were placed, the occupants being required to pay the tariff of \$1. Wm. E. Harding acted as referee. James Keenan, of Boston, invested about \$500 on Bibby. Wm. McLaughlin, Frank Stevenson and Thomas Ray also wagered amounts varying from \$100 to \$500 on Bibby. Connors' friends accepted all offers for a time, but finally, Keenan and the New York and Boston delegation's money scared off Connors' supporters. Connors was in splendid condition. He stands 5 ft 7½ in in height and weighed, so he claimed, 162 lbs, but his friends quietly claimed he weighed 166 lbs. He is a splendid specimen of an athlete. He has a body like the trunk of a tree, broad shoulders and a pair of sturdy legs. He is quick and active on his feet, well acquainted with the many locks and catches, and is a perfect Caliban in strength and endurance. Bibby weighed 155 lbs. He is considered the best catch-as-catch-can wrestler in the world with the one exception, Joe Acton. Both athletes were stripped to the waist. Bibby wore red trunks, while Connors wore blue trunks. Al. Hoefler attended Bibby, while Bradley and Patrick Golden waited on Connors. At 8:40 the referee ordered the men to the scratch, and the struggle began. After the men faced each other it was evident that Connors had the sympathy of the crowd, for they yelled at Bibby and shouted, "You have not the Japanese now."

"Fight him, Connors. Bore him down." Bibby paid no attention to the remarks, but grasped Connors' wrist and then got a back hold, and both fell. On the ground they writhed, twisted and struggled, Connors succeeded in getting the hammer-back lock, and wrenched Bibby's left arm, nearly disabling it. Bibby broke the dangerous hold and jumped to his feet. In an instant Connors rushed at him. Both closed and Connors dashed Bibby to the floor with terrific force. In an instant Bibby was on top of Connors and nearly turned him on his back. For half an hour the wrestlers fought, Connors' left cheek was bruised, Bibby's left ear was swelled and he had a cut over his right eye. It was evident that the struggle would be a long one, for Bibby had tried all his favorite holds and Connors had thwarted his every attempt to gain a fall. Bibby found he could gain no advantage by forcing matters, for his left arm had been wrenched. He therefore assumed defensive tactics; he squatted on the floor on all fours, and Connors kept on top wrenching his wrists, and boring his head into the carpet. While in this position one of Connors' friends entered the ring and gave Connors a piece of lemon. It was not his attendant, and he had no right to do so. Bibby's umpire claimed a foul, and there was intense excitement. Several wagers had been made on the first fall, and the referee refused to allow the foul. He, however, announced to the audience, that if any one again coached Connors, he would award a fall to Bibby. The announcement brought a storm of abuse, and some one shouted, "Put him out." The referee said it would take more than one to put him out; that he did not care for threats; he was afraid of no one; that he was there to decide the match on the merits of the men, and if he did not suit, some one else could take his place. Loud cheers followed, and he notified Connors that only his second would be allowed to attend on him. At the expiration of an hour the referee allowed the wrestlers a rest of 10m. After they were sponged off they came to the scratch at 9:50. Bibby then assumed the offensive, and he bore Connors to the ground and kept him there. Connors appeared to wrestle better underneath, and, after a desperate struggle, turned Bibby over, and again got the terrible hammer-back lock on Bibby, and held on to his wrist, twisting Bibby's arm with such terrific force that one would suppose it would have been wrenched from its socket. Bibby struggled like a demon to release himself, but Connors held him down, grasping his wrist and twisting it until Bibby had either to go on his back or have his arm broken. Intense excitement prevailed among the crowd, and many of Connors' friends yelled, "Break it off, Connors," "Hold on to him," "You have got him." Bibby would not give in until Connors braced himself and threw his whole weight upon Bibby, who groaned with pain, and yet he would not yield. Three times in succession Connors threw his whole weight on Bibby, still holding on to the latter's wrist. It was only a matter of time for the Scranton wrestler to gain the fall, for Bibby's arm was powerless, and in the position he lay he could only keep his shoulder from touching the ground. Finally, Bibby's strength gave way, and the weight of Connors' body and the pain he was suffering compelled him to drop his right shoulder, and he lay flat on his back. Connors' friends shouted, "That's a fall," and amid the wildest enthusiasm and a cheer from 500 hoarse throats, the referee awarded the fall to Connors. Time 1h 17m, including a rest of 10m. Bibby was assisted to his corner, but was unable to move his left arm. He notified the referee to ask Connors if he would give him \$100 from the main stakes if he withdrew. Connors agreed to do so, if the referee was willing. The latter consented, and made the announcement that, in consideration of receiving \$100 from the main stakes, Bibby had decided to give up the contest, his left arm being wrenched and his wrist sprained. He decided Connors the winner, and that all the bets stand. Connors was carried from the stage amid loud cheering. Bibby's arm was wrenched, his shoulder injured and his wrist sprained. There was no shamming about it, for Bibby could not dress himself. He claimed his wrist was wrenched ten minutes after the contest began. The match was one of the most interesting ever witnessed since Acton and Bibby wrestled. Connors is more than a match for Bibby. He is stronger than the latter, and heavier. He is up to all the points Bibby has learned. On Feb. 2 Richard K. Fox paid Bibby \$100 out of the main stakes and sent a check for \$900 to Patrick Golden, Connors' backer. Since many have claimed the match was not *bona fide*, all we can say about the matter is that the stakes were up, and the check-book stub will prove it.

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COOLING HIS ARDOR.

HOW THE NEWSGIRL MASHER OF CITY HALL PARK WAS TREATED TO A LESSON IN POLITENESS TO THE GREAT DELECTATION OF THE LOUNGERS OF PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY.